

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1843.

Embellishment:

PORTRAIT OF MONARCH.

Engraved on Steel by Dick after one by HINSHILWOOD, from a Painting by TROYE.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C. Mount Vernon Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
BALTIMORE, Md. - Kendall Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
COLUMBIA, S. C. - Jockey Club Races, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec
FRANKFORT, Ky. - Capitol Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Wednesday, 6th April.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - Oakland Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Oct.
 " " The Great Peyton Stake, and others, come off same week.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - Pharsalia Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 22d Nov.
NATCHITOCHES, La Jockey Club Fall Meeting, last Monday, 30th Oct.
NEW YORK - - - Union Course, L. I., J. C. First Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
 " " " " " " 2d " " 5th Tuesday, 31st Oct.
OPELOUSAS, La. - St. Landry Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 22d Nov.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa. Camden Course, N. J., J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Oct.
PITTSYLVANIA, Va. Oakland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
RED BRIDGE, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 11th Oct.

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New York: Published by the American Art Union, 1854.

MONARCH:

THE PROPERTY OF COL. W. HAMPTON, OF COLUMBIA, S. C.

WITH A PORTRAIT ENGRAVED ON STEEL BY DICK AFTER ONE BY HINSHILWOOD,
FROM A PAINTING BY TROYE.

In preparing the memoir of Monarch, we incur the risk of wearying the reader by repeating former observations, so frequently has he been the subject of remark in this magazine and the "Spirit of the Times." Yet it is fitting that his portrait should be accompanied by a condensed statement of such circumstances connected with the horse himself, his ancestry, and his Racing career, as will justify the praise that has been bestowed upon him, and vindicate his claim to the high position he holds in the estimation of Turfmen and Breeders. Nor shall we hesitate to make use of the great, though scattered, variety of materials before us, without any attempt to change the form of expression, if already embodied in such shape as suits our purpose. The principal materials to which we allude will be found dispersed through the "Register" and the files of our weekly publication; the English Calendars, Stud Books, and Sporting Magazines have, however, been freely consulted.

Monarch was bred at the Hampton Court Stud by His Majesty William IV. in 1834. Nothing bred in the Royal Stud was kept beyond the first year, and a public annual sale took place at Tattersalls, of the foals "on the Monday in the Derby week." At the sale in 1835, the lot put up consisted of twenty-seven, and there was much competition between American and English gentlemen in the bidding. The average price brought by the lot was within a fraction of One hundred and four Guineas, but Monarch was knocked down at Two hundred and fifty-six—or *about* Thirteen Hundred Dollars. This was the second best price given for any of the lot (only four of them bringing so high a price as Two hundred guineas), and it indicates the estimation in which the stock was held in England.

Monarch was imported in the autumn of 1836, with a number of brood mares and young things for the same owner. In the May number (1840,) of the "Register" appeared some notices of Col. Hampton's stud, by the Editor, who had then recently visited Columbia. From those notes we take the following description of Monarch:—

"He is a rich satin-coated blood bay, with black legs, mane and tail, and no other white than a star. He is a horse of great bone and substance, and fully sixteen hands under the standard. The finest points about him, to our taste, are his chest and loins: very few horses evince so much ability to pack weight. He has a well proportioned head and neck, the former clean and blood-like, with wide nostrils, intelligent and cheerful eyes, and a throttle large and well detached. His arms are muscular and strong, without any show of "beefiness," while his cannon bones are short and stout,

the leaders standing out in clear relief; his knees are broad and flat, and his pasterns unexceptionably good. There is no lack of bone and sinew below the knee; the complaint of their being "*too small below the knee*" has been the most general one urged against the imported horses, but in this respect Monarch can even give odds to his sire, who is, beyond dispute, the most splendid race horse and stallion ever imported into the United States by "the Virginia Company." We never saw a horse that we preferred to him, and had he a *little* more substance and strength "behind," he could not be improved. In this latter respect we prefer Monarch, who by the bye, is "the very image" of him in general appearance. Monarch's shoulder is very broad, and particularly well shaped, the blades inclining well back in the sway, forming with his loin and quarters an arch of remarkable strength. His chest is very roomy and well shaped, giving the utmost freedom to his respiratory organs, and instead of being slight or cut up in the waist, he is very deep through the flank, while his barrel is ribbed home with a degree of power, that reminds one forcibly of the Great Plenipo, or of the portraits of imported Messenger. About his thigh and stifle Monarch is especially good, while his hocks could not possibly be improved; the leaders are so detached that they can be traced from his pastern to the hock, and it occurred to us while looking at the formation of his legs from the stifle to the ground, that perhaps no horse in the Union was so well calculated to cross with Eclipse mares; it would be impossible to throw out a curb on legs like these. From the elbow to the knee, and from the whirlbone to the hock, few horses can measure with him. His pasterns are flexible and of good length, while his feet are well shaped and sound as Spanish dollars. Monarch was a remarkable steady goer, gathering quick and with as much ease as any horse we have ever seen. He moved with a long, rating, business-like stroke, coming well down to his work, with no clambering nor dwelling. We frequently see a fast horse all abroad at times, with seemingly no ability to get into his stride, but Monarch could not be taken by surprise; his action was so even and mechanical that he was always ready, and like a well constructed machine, was propelled with a greater or less degree of velocity, as directed by the controlling influence of his rider. Added to all this he is remarkably fine tempered, ran on his courage, and had a nice idea of "perpetual motion."

Monarch, foaled in 1834, was got by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker. Delphine—bred in 1825 by Mr. Petre—was out of My Lady by Comus, and she out of The Colonel's dam by Delpini; The Colonel's dam out of Tipple Cyder by King Fergus, and she out of Sylvia by Young Marske, out of Ferret by a brother to Sylvio—Regulus—Lord Morton's Arabian—Mixbury—Mulso Bay Turk—Bay Bolton—Coneyskins—Hutton's Grey Barb—Byerley Turk—Bustler.

Nothing can be richer than this pedigree! Priam, the Eclipse and wonder of *his* day, united in himself the most desirable crosses from Orville and Eleanor—the rivals of *their* day, and the latter the only winner of both the Derby and the Oaks. Whisker, the

own brother of Whalebone, both winners of the Derby, and best horses of *their* day—also rivals in fame to the Eleanor stock—the true “Prunella sort.”—Comus, Delpini, King Fergus, Young Marske, &c., all have been renowned in the annals of the English Turf.

That Monarch comes from a racing family will be further apparent when the reader thinks of the performances and produce of his maternal ancestry. Delphine was a distinguished performer upon the turf. She came out in her two year old form as Mr. Petre's, in 1827, and won £105 at Manchester. The following year she won £210 at Doncaster, and the Cups at Richmond and Northallerton. In 1829 she won the Gold Cup at Pontefract, and the King's Plate at Richmond. In 1830, being withdrawn from the Turf, she passed successively through the hands of Mr. Gully, Mr. Goring, and Lord Lichfield, from whom she was purchased by his late Majesty William IV. in 1833, and passed into the Royal Stud at Hampton Court, where she remained until it was broken up after his death in 1837. In this year, on the 25th of Oct., at the sale of the Stud, she was bought in by Mr. Tattersall; she was at the time in foal to Plenipo. She was subsequently sold to Col. Hampton, her present owner, for 500 Guineas, and was imported into Charleston, S. C., in Nov., 1838. The following is a list of

THE PRODUCE OF DELPHINE.

1831. Ch. c. <i>Stapleton</i> , by Velocipede.....	Mr. Gully.
1832. Ch. c. <i>Leander</i> , by Langar.....	Mr. Goring.
1833. Br. c. <i>Toss-up</i> , by Velocipede.....	Lord Lichfield.
1834. B. c. <i>Monarch</i> , by Priam.....	} His Majesty.
1835. Ch. f. <i>The Queen</i> , by Priam.....	
1836. Slipped foal to Sultan.....	
1837. Missed to Emilius.....	} Mr. Tattersall.
1838. Slipped foal to Plenipo.....	
1839. Ch. c. <i>Herald</i> , by Plenipo.....	} Col. Hampton.
1840. Slipped twins to Imp. Hybiscus.....	

[Delphine was stunted to Priam in '40, but we are not informed of her Produce since.]

Stapleton, Delphine's first colt, was sent to the Continent at an early age. *Leander* was a winner at Epsom and Reigate in his 3 yr. old form. *Toss-up* started but twice; he was not placed in the Derby of 1836—won by Bay Middleton; and at the Newmarket July Meeting of that year he beat Lord Exeter's b. c. Jemmy, in a match, T. Y. C., £100 a side, h. ft., with 6 to 5 on *Toss-up*. Of this the *Old Sporting Magazine* says—“It was a very pretty and sharp-run affair, won by half a length at the finish:—even betting, the winner for choice.”—In the Houghton Meeting, the same year, Lord Lichfield paid forfeit on him in a match with Lord Exeter's Toga. *Monarch* comes next, and his performances will be found further on. The next of Delphine's Produce was *The Queen*, own sister to Monarch. So well pleased was Col. Hampton with his former purchase, that at the next sale of the Hampton Court Stud, he purchased *The Queen* for One Hundred and Ninety Guineas, the second best price brought by any of the seven filly foals put up. *The Queen* came out in 1838; she won all her stakes in that year, and never lost a race till she met Boston at the Newmarket Course, at Petersburg, Va. on the 26th of Sept., 1839. She put up that

champion of the Turf in a *second* four mile heat to better time than had ever before been made on that course. Subsequently to the race, she was sold to the owner of Boston for \$8000 ! The week following she won a three mile race at Broad Rock, Va., beating four others ; she was then withdrawn from the Turf, upon which she certainly ranked as one of the very best of her day. Next comes *Herald*, by Plenipo, engaged in the Peyton Stake of thirty subscribers at \$5000 each, \$1000 forfeit, Four mile heats, to come off over the Nashville Course, Tenn., on the 12th, the present month. We have frequently seen him, and he is certainly one of the most promising of the nominations in that great affair.

Revert now to Monarch's maternal grand dam, *My Lady* by Comus. She was bred by Mr. Wyvill in 1818 ; she came out in 1820, in the name of Mr. Milne, and won 180gs. and 80gs. at York, and 80gs. at Pontefract ; the next year, she won the Gascoigne Stakes at Doncaster, and the year following, in Mr. Petre's name, she won 100gs. at Doncaster, and 70gs. at Lincoln. She was now put to the breeding stud, and the first of her produce, Barbara, by The Laird, was a winner ; the next, was Delphine, who as was stated above was a winner ; the next, was Apollonia, bred in 1829, by Whisker, likewise a winner. We do not find that the three next of her produce, Frankenstein, Rose Roche, and Burysdorf, started at all. In 1834, she produced Lord Chesterfield's Jereed, by Sultan, who in his two year old form won 350gs. at York, and the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, the only times he ever started. He was at one time first favorite for the Derby of 1837, but did not start ; in 1838 he covered at Twelve Guineas. My Lady was imported in 1837, by the Messrs. Corbin, of Virginia. Immediately after landing she dropped Passenger, by Langar, whose brilliant career upon our Turf in 1839, and 1840, is familiar to all sportsmen. Shortly after his last race at Trenton, he died of lockjaw, the property of Maj. Ringgold.

Let us now go one step further back to Monarch's g. g. dam, the dam of My Lady. She was a Delpini mare, who died in 1826 ; her produce in 1825, by Whisker, was The Colonel, for whom William IV. gave 2500gs. He was the most famous horse of his day,—won the St. Leger in 1828, and ran a dead heat with Cadland for the Derby !

What more need be said of *the blood* of Monarch ? He is not only what is technically called well-bred, but he comes from the most fashionable stock, and from a *running stock*—the best possible recommendation for Monarch in the Breeding Stud.

We enter now upon his Racing career. Monarch came out in the Autumn of 1837, being then a 3 yr. old, at Columbia, S. C., and the following is the record of his first race :—

1837. Columbia, S. C., Thursday, Nov. 23.—Jockey Club Purse \$400. free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs. ; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's Imp. b. c. <i>Monarch</i> , by Priam, out of Delphine, 3 yrs.....	1	1
R. C. Richardson's ch. m. <i>Betsy Baxter</i> , by Crusader, dam by Little Billy, 5 yrs.....	3	2
Dr. J. G. Guignard's b. m. <i>Gabriella</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Shylock, 5 yrs.....	2	dist.
M. R. Smith's ch. c. <i>Short Robin</i> , by Marcellus, dam by Darling Dove, 3 yrs.....	4	dr.
Col. J. H. Adams' gr. c. <i>Leiber</i> , by Mons. Tounson, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....		dist.
P. McRa's ch. f. <i>Ellen Percy</i> , by Godolphin, dam by Bedford, 3 yrs.....		dist.

Time, 3:55—3:58.

"Gabriella had a very bad start in the second heat, which lost her 70 or 80 yards. The Priam colt is a trump; nay, *the ace of trumps*. He won with all ease, and could have distanced the field in either heat."

On the Saturday following he galloped for the Hampton Plate.

—[†] *Columbia, S. C., Saturday, Nov. 25.*—"The Hampton Plate," entrance equal to the value of the Plate, weights as before. Two mile heats.
Col. Wade Hampton's Imp. b. c. *Monarch*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 3 yrs..... walked over.

From Columbia, he went over to Augusta, Ga., and ran his only race of three miles.

1838. *Hampton Course, Augusta, Ga., Thursday, Feb. 8.*—Purse \$600, weights as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's Imp. b. c. *Monarch*, by Priam—Delphine by Whisker, 3 yrs..... 1 1
M. L. Hammond's gr. m. *Sally Vandyke*, by Henry, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs..... 2 2
Time, 6:25—6:26.

"The imported colt, a 'monarch' indeed, in symmetry, size, and beauty, was the favorite at about dollars to cents, Sally being amiss—though unable to put him up the best day she ever saw. Monarch won both heats without running a stroke. The rain was pouring down incessantly all day."

From Augusta, Col. Hampton started his stable for the Charleston races by the Rail Road. When the downward train of cars arrived within a mile of Woodstock, the locomotive ran off the road, and drew after it the tender, the baggage-cars, and several freight-cars, and also a car containing Col. Hampton's horses and several others. Many horses were injured, and Monarch so severely, that it was presumed at the time he never would be able to start again. At Augusta, it was understood that Billy Townes, Gerow, and Monarch, would enter for the Jockey Club Purse of \$600, at Charleston, Three mile heats, to be run for on the 22d of February, and a stake had been entered into on this supposition for \$500, h. ft. Monarch was of course not entered. From the effects of his accident, he did not recover so as to start again till the following Autumn. He then came out at Columbia, S. C., and made his first race of four mile heats.

— *Columbia, S. C., Tuesday, Nov. 20.*—Jockey Club Purse \$700, weights as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's Imp. b. c. *Monarch*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 4 yrs..... 1 1
Col. R. H. Goodwyn's ch. h. *Big John*, by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs..... 2 dr.
Time, 8:07.

"Gil. Patrick, after riding sixteen winning races at New York this season, during six meetings, reached Columbia just in season to mount Monarch the Four mile day. He brought him home an easy winner, having never been extended a single yard—waiting on Big John until he entered the last stretch, he passed him without difficulty, and beat him *only* a length or two. Big John was then withdrawn. Monarch was the favorite at 3 and 4 to 1." He next appears on the

— *Lafayette Course, Augusta, Ga., Dec. 13.*—Purse \$1500, weights as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's Imp. b. c. *Monarch*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 4 yrs..... 1 1
Hammond & Lovell's ch. c. *Gerow*, by Henry, out of Vixen by Eclipse, 4 yrs..... 3 2
Dr. J. G. Guignard's ch. g. *Clodhopper*, pedigree unknown, 6 yrs..... 2 3
Time, 8:10—8:36.

"The betting on this race was 3 and 4 to 1 on Monarch against

the field. Monarch under a hard pull, came home in beautiful style about five or six lengths in advance.

1839. *Washington Course, Charleston, S. C., Wednesday, Feb. 20.*—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, weights as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's Imp. b. c. <i>Monarch</i> , by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 4 yrs.....	<i>Gil. Patrick</i>	1	1
W. H. B. Richardson's ch. c. <i>Trident</i> , by Bertrand Jr., out of Little Venus by Sir William of Transport, 3 yrs.....		3	2
Lovell & Hammond's Imp. b. f. <i>Florida Hepburn</i> , by Tramp, out of Miss Armstrong by Whisker, 3 yrs.....		2	dr

Time, 8.07—8.55.

"Monarch was the favorite at 10 to 1, and might as well have walked over for the purse, for he was not obliged to extend himself in any part of the race, though the last two miles of the 1st heat were run in 3:51."

— *Washington Course, Charleston, S. C., Saturday, Feb. 23.*—The "Tattersall Whip," presented by RICHARD TATTERSALL, Esq., of London, to the S. C. Jockey Club, united to a subscription of \$200 each, (upon the principle which governs the race for "The Whip" in England.) Four miles.

Col. Wade Hampton's Imp. b. c. *Monarch*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 4 yrs., 111lbs..... walked over.

Gil. Patrick being directed to gallop Monarch round, he went off at about half-speed. Near the termination of the 3d mile, his owner complied with the urgent wishes of his friends, and ordered Gil. "to pull him steady and let him go." Bracing him with a hard pull, Gil. brushed him the 4th mile, which he ran with the greatest ease in 1:48, with 111lbs. up!

After this race, Col. Hampton refused \$20,000 for Monarch, indeed he has frequently been offered and refused that sum for him. He was now thrown out of training, till the autumn of this year, when he was again taken up. But a day or two before the return of Col. H. from Virginia, Monarch in galloping upon his private course, met with an accident by striking his foot on a stone, or some other hard substance, by which he sprung the leader of his right fore leg, and he was in consequence withdrawn from the Turf.

From the above details, the reader will perceive that *Monarch never lost a heat*, and *and that he was never put up*. Nor had Col. Hampton in his strong stable any thing that could give him a trial. In his 4 yr. old form, he more than once beat Imp. Emily, herself a distinguished winner in South Carolina and Georgia, giving her 27lbs.

Monarch made his first season in 1840 at the Woodlands, under the charge of Stewart, his trainer, at \$100. At that price he had had in the middle of June fifty-five mares besides his owner's. Among this number were the dams of Wagner, of Portsmouth, of Gano, of Sorrow, and other good ones; among the untried ones who went to him, we can recall the names of Mary Blunt, Bolivia, Bay Maria, etc. In the autumn he was sent out to Kentucky to to the Hon. HENRY CLAY, where he had some choice, though not a large number of, mares. The following season he returned home to South Carolina.

We have seen some of Monarch's stock and take infinite pleasure in bearing testimony to their fine size, form, and bloodlike appearance. A friend, lately from Kentucky, assures us that Monarch has some of the finest colts in the State.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the September Number of the "Turf Register," page 447.

ON PLATING RACE-HORSES.

RACE-HORSES should always be plated before they are brought to post, where it can be done with safety. All men conversant with the Turf are fully aware of the very great importance of weight. They consider, and very justly too, that every ounce is of consequence, when horses are supposed to be equally matched, and more particularly when they have to come long lengths.

I shall make but few observations on the plating of such horses as are standing at home stables, as they are principally young ones, particularly at Newmarket, being mostly yearlings and two-year-olds. I have never known the former travel, at least when in training, and the latter but in few instances. If, when trained, they are found to be good ones, they are generally entered for stakes with horses of their own year, and run the usual lengths. It is pretty much the same with the three and four-year-olds as with the younger ones; for if those horses are in any repute, they are kept in reserve to run for the great stakes at the principal meetings, and they are mostly standing in home stables, where, under the superintendence of training-grooms, more than usual care is paid to their feet; and as they neither travel so much nor run so often as country plate horses, their feet (unless naturally defective) are very strong, with plenty of horn. The shoeing smiths who live in a racing neighborhood, are generally good hands at plating horses, being constantly in the habit of receiving instructions, and as constantly cautioned by training grooms to be careful in fitting the plates, preserving the feet and driving the nails. These advantages, together with their own experience, in plating the number of horses kept every year by the noblemen and gentlemen of Turf celebrity in the different counties where racing is known to be so universally patronized, render them so expert, that with such feet as I have here described, they are seldom liable to accidents in plating horses. Yet it is not impossible but that an accident may sometimes happen in plating horses, even in these stables. It may therefore be advisable to plate such horses as may have good sound feet, and that are standing in stables close to the running ground, the evening prior to their running, after their coming in from exercise. On the morning that a horse is going to run, it is usual to walk him out on the heath, and there let him take a short canter, merely to see if all is right, and if he is well on his feet and legs. If the horse is observed by the groom to go stiff or short, and if the groom is of opinion that this is occasioned by

anything wrong about either of the horse's feet, there will be time to remove the plates, and to give the nails less hold or a different direction. The foot may afterwards be relaxed in a bucket of water, so that the horse may be brought to post and run, without much danger of being lamed, if the ground be not too hard.

Horses that may be heavily engaged, as some of those which may be entered for either of the great stakes—the Derby, or the Oaks, at Epsom, or that valuable and interesting stake, the St. Leger, at Doncaster—often stand high in public opinion. Under these circumstances, to make all safe, and to satisfy the public, it is usual, and indeed very proper, to bring good shoeing and plating smiths to attend them, from the different neighborhoods where large training establishments are kept. This arrangement cannot well extend to country plate horses that are travelling during the summer from one meeting to the other; and from the repeated necessity there is for removing the horses and plates of such horses, their feet are frequently in a very broken and weak state on their return to the home stables in autumn.

The foregoing are remarks which were made by me at a time when I knew but little more about the feet of horses than picking them out and washing them. I have seen some few instances of race-horses' feet being in a bad state, since I have been a Veterinary Surgeon in the Army, and that, too, early in the summer. I am of opinion, from the observations I made in those instances, that the cause of the diseased state of the feet might be traced to a want of knowledge on the part of both the groom and smith, and not to any neglect of either.

I have had the ordering and arranging of the plating of a few horses in my time, some of which have not had the very best feet; and as I have on such occasions paid more than common attention to the subject, I shall enter upon it, as far as I think necessary, to explain to grooms, head lads, and country shoeing smiths, the most advantageous methods to be adopted in the plating of such feet as from peculiar circumstances may require much care and attention.

There are many shoeing smiths in the country who shoe horses very well; but there are many of them who have but little experience in plating horses, and what is worse, as it frequently happens, they have the most difficult feet to put plates upon.

But I am of opinion, if grooms will take the trouble (and I think they will) of paying proper attention to the following remarks on this subject, they may be enabled to give the country smiths such precautionary instructions and directions as they see necessary; and they may often suggest to them a method of making the plates, and putting them on in difficult cases, not only securely, but without laming their horses; for although, as I have just observed, country smiths may shoe tolerably well, yet if they have not had some experience in putting on plates, or if proper directions be not given them, they may unintentionally fall into error, and which, with race-horses, I believe most racing men are aware must be guarded against as much as possible.

Whenever horses are to be plated, the groom may go himself, or after the stable hour is concluded, he may send one of the boys, to the smith over night, with orders for him to attend at the stables in the morning, by the time the horses are returned from exercise, that he may take measure of their feet, and make the plates for such of them as may be going to run on the following day.

The smith, when measuring the horses' feet, commonly makes use of two straws, for the purpose of taking the length with one and the breadth with the other, and if he does not understand figures, he will, of course, do it more correctly this way than by a rule. If there is any difference to be made between the size of the shoe and that of the plate, it is that the latter should be rather less than the former in its circumference round the foot, so that the plate may, to a certain extent, rest in the bed which may have been formed by the shoe. The plate should not, by any means, project beyond the edge of the hoof; for, should a restless, irritable horse have to saddle on the course (which is the case where there is no rubbing house) he may, from ranging about, tread a plate off, unless the precaution is taken of setting the plate level with, or within the edge of the hoof. An accident of this sort not only keeps other horses waiting, but it may create a dispute as to whether the horses that are ready to start at the time fixed should wait or not.

Now, as the crust or wall of horses' feet that may have been often plated, is more or less broken, the groom should direct the smith, as he is measuring the feet, to make his observations on the most sound parts of the crust, and as the nail holes of plates are placed further apart than those of shoes, it sometimes gives the smith the advantage of driving his nails into the more sound parts of the foot. The groom, on such occasions, cannot too strongly point out the necessity of punching the nail holes in such parts of the plate as will immediately correspond with the sound part of the horn, provided those parts are so situated as to admit of the nails being driven into them, and the plate rendered secure without driving the nails too far back from the end of the heels of the plates; or if, to preserve the hoof, the smith can safely drive a nail occasionally into an old hole, it may be done.

From what has been already said, it will appear pretty evident that the making of plates must vary according to circumstances. As plates are narrow, they cannot well come in contact with the sole, so as to occasion pressure there; they may therefore be made flat on both sides. Whether the horses' plates should be made to come home to the heels of the fore-feet (and which I shall call the three-quarter plates) will depend on circumstances. I shall first describe how the former should be made. The smith is to observe in the making and fitting of this plate, that the heels of it are to be brought but just up or home to the horse's heels when on, and not to project the least beyond them; and to prevent any hold being taken by the toes of the hind feet, the heels of the fore plates should be bevelled off.

If plates are properly forged, they require little or no rasping, which only renders them weak. Plates for moderate sized horses need scarcely ever exceed in breadth three-and-a-half eighths of an inch. Middle sized, light horses, running short races, and not heats (more particularly if the ground is soft), may not require them even of that breadth and substance. But for large horses, whose feet are in proportion to their size, the plate should vary accordingly. The fullering or grove, which is made round the centre of the plate, cannot well be too coarse, provided it does not too much weaken the plate. The fullering must be made in the centre, for if it is made to approach too near the outer edge, it will weaken the plate, in which case the smith cannot well get sufficient hold with his nails to keep the plate secure.

The depth of the fullering must be regulated, and the nail holes punched in it, according to the substance of the plate and the size of the nails which are likely to be used in putting it on; that is to say, that by a smart blow or two from the hammer after the nails are driven, the heads of them should be buried and on a level with the surface of the plates.

The situation in which each nail hole should be placed will depend in a great measure on the size of the plates. In good feet, the nail holes should begin where the toe may be said to end. There should be four nails on each side: the first and second nail holes from the toe may be punched an inch or more apart. Be this as it may, the smith must observe to regulate the distance here between these two holes so as to admit of his punching the third within the distance of about an inch and a half of the end of the heel of the plate; and in the centre of the space there left, between the third nail and the end of the plate, the last hole of the four should be punched; otherwise the plates, particularly of the fore-feet, will spring at the heels, from the concussion produced by severe running on hard ground.

Horses that are kept in reserve for particular races, are consequently but seldom running. Their shoes and plates not being often removed, their feet (unless they have been neglected) are sound and strong, with good heels and plenty of horn to nail to. For such horses, the full plate is to be preferred, as it gives the horse a more firm and level tread with his fore-feet than the three-quarter plate can possibly do.

The three-quarter plate is made in most respects like the full plate, except in its length. Being shorter, it seldom requires for its security more than three nails on each side; and as in the first mentioned plate, where the toe ends, the first nail-hole should be punched; the divisions being so arranged by the smith, as to the distance from each other, as to admit of the last hole being punched within half an inch of the end of the plate.

A three-quarter plate is more generally used for country plate horses, their feet having got out of order from the repeated running and travelling, together with the necessity there is of frequently removing their shoes and plates. The plate must not be made to approach nearer the end of the horse's heels than there is horn

sufficiently sound for it to rest upon : and it should also be sufficiently strong at those parts to give the two last nails a firm hold, that the plate may not spring at the heels when the horse is running.

Some horses' feet will allow of a plate of this sort coming within half an inch of the end of the heels ; and others may not allow of its coming within an inch or more. It is the soundness and substance of the horn at the horse's heels and quarters which must regulate the length of the plates.

Country plate horses, if they are good ones and properly selected, are generally of pretty strong constitutions : and when they are sent on a circuit, or what is commonly called a roving commission, it is with a view to pick up what plates they can ; and as the season advances, unless great care is taken of them, their feet, from the causes already mentioned, get into a very indifferent state ; so much so, that it is often difficult for even a good smith to put their plates on with safety, and at the same time securely.

The hind plates may be made as the fore ones, and may be brought well home to the heels, as the heels of the hind feet are mostly in a good state. If a horse is a long striding one, and a free runner, he is likely to be rather a difficult one at his turns ; and although it may be bad judgment to run such a horse on a small round course, yet if such should happen, it may be advisable for the safety of both the rider and the horse, to give the latter some hold of the ground, by turning up the heels of his hind plates. But with a horse of the middle size, that has a short but quick stride, gives his race kindly, and is handy at his turns, there may be no occasion to turn up the plates. However, an experienced training groom, before his horse is plated, generally puts himself in possession of the sort of course he is going to run over, by previously cantering his hack over it, and he should afterwards regulate the plating of his horse according to circumstances.

The plates being made according to the directions given, the groom must then decide whether they shall be put on in the stable or on the course. This will depend on the distance the former is from the latter, and the sort of feet the horse may have.

Many of our country courses have not a stable near them. On such occasions, the horses are often obliged to stand at stables in the adjoining town, which is sometimes at a very considerable distance, perhaps two or three miles. This is much too long a length for horses to walk in their plates ; indeed under almost any circumstances, it is too far, unless it be on turf. If there is no other way to the running ground except on the hot surface of a hard turnpike road, I should strongly recommend the groom to have his horse plated on the course, more particularly if the three-quarter plates are to be used.

I shall now make some few remarks on taking the shoes off from race-horses' feet, preparatory to the putting on of the plates. When the wall or crust of a horse's feet is strong, and there is plenty of horn to nail to, and the soles are of a good substance, the shoes may be taken off in the usual manner, without much

risk of injuring the foot. The smith, in taking them off, first knocks up the clinches with his buffer; then with one side of his pincers placed between the shoe and the sole of the foot, and with the other side of them placed on the outside and upper edge of the shoe, he gives sufficient strength in forcing them downwards and inwards, to draw the nails, and the shoe comes off in the pincers. But with horses that have thin weak feet, this method of taking off the shoes must never be had recourse to. I have observed smiths, who were not much in the habit of taking shoes off from horses' feet, use more strength than judgment. On such occasions, if they would give themselves time for a moment to examine the sort of feet from which they may be going to remove shoes, they would find that to use less of the former, and more of the latter, would not only be considerably safer for the horses, but much more advantageous to themselves; for by doing the thing properly, they would preserve the foot, and have more horn to nail to.

In removing shoes from bad feet, the smith should first knock up the clinches with one end of the buffer, and with the other he should start the nails, and then draw them out with the pincers one by one; the shoe would then immediately fall off. This is the way in which the groom should insist on the horse's shoes being taken off, so that the horn may be preserved as much as possible.

In putting on a race-horse's plates, it will be observed that, if the horse's shoes should not have been removed from his feet for the space of three weeks, the hoof will, during that period, have grown, and with the action and weight of the horse, the shoe will, in some degree, have imbedded itself into the foot. After the shoe is taken off, nothing should be done to the foot if it can be avoided, as (if the plate is made as I direct) there will be a sort of seat or bed round the crust in which the plate will lay, and this will in some measure support and assist in keeping it in its place. However, it may sometimes be necessary, after the shoe is off, to run the rasp very lightly round the lower edge of the crust. If the groom and smith see that it is requisite to remove a very small portion of horn, so as to level the foot that the plate may have an even surface to lay on, it must be done; but this is all that can be wanting. The heels of weak feet should be kept strong, that is to say, nothing should unnecessarily be removed from them.

Little need be said with regard to the nails which are used in putting on plates. The sizes which are in general use are from No. 4 to No. 6, depending much on the size of the foot, and weight of the plates. They should be tough, and of the best quality; and as it is not necessary to drive them very high up in good feet, the shorter they are, in reason, the better, as the clinches will not be so coarse as a long nail; and this is an object worth attending to, more particularly with such horses as have thin crusts. The smith, having carefully sized, straightened, and judiciously pointed his nails, according to the sort of feet he is going to drive them into, next commences putting on the plates. If he takes but com-

mon care, there is not much difficulty or danger to be apprehended in the driving the nails into such feet as are strong, sound, and good. But without the greatest care and attention possible on the part of a good smith, difficulty will be encountered, and danger is to be apprehended in driving nails into weak, broken, and unsound feet.

A smith, on putting plates on such feet, must be very careful, and pitch his nails a little in, or out, so as to give the proper direction to each nail in passing it safely either low down or high up through such parts of the wall or crust of the foot. As he approaches towards the quarters and heels, it will be necessary for him to reduce the size of the nails, not only to prevent those parts from being much broken, but to give to each nail here, of whatever size it may be, a safe and secure hold; or when it is necessary to get a hold higher up in the foot, and when a common shoeing nail is used for the purpose, the smith should take care in beating out the nail, to draw it rather fine at the point, that in driving it he may not break the upper part of the hoof more than can be avoided.

The nails being driven, the smith gives a smart blow or two with his hammer on the head of each nail, so as to drive it home and bring the head upon a level with the surface of the plates; he then nips off the points with his pincers, and knocks down the clinches. But a smith who may not have been accustomed to plate horses is very likely (unless he is cautioned by the groom) to do in this case as he would in putting on shoes in the common way, which is, before he knocks down the clinches, to make a nick with the edge of his rasp under each clinch, so as to let the clinches into the hoof. This should never be done in plating horses, as it only tends to weaken those parts in the hoof, and more particularly if the crust or wall of the foot should be thin. There is another error into which a smith may fall who is unaccustomed to plate horses, if he is not cautioned. The error to which I allude is that of his improperly using his rasp in what he calls finishing off the foot, by rasping over almost the whole surface, and thereby weakening the crust. This is not the only disadvantage likely to result from this method, for as the clinches of the nails used for putting on plates are small, the most trifling rub with a rasp may cut through them, or perhaps so much weaken them as to render the plates insecure. If there is any occasion to use the rasp after the plate is put on, it can be only to rub down the head of a common shoeing nail which may project, when the fullering is not sufficiently coarse to let in the head of it.

I will, for example, suppose an instance at a country meeting at which it is the custom to run heats. When a horse has run the first heat he is pulled up and rode to the scale for the jockey to weigh; after which he is led out from the crowd to some convenient place to be rubbed over, and to be got ready for the second heat. This being done, and the horse's clothes put on, the boy who looks after him takes up his feet, and if necessary, he picks them out. But there is one thing which the boy knows to be very

necessary, and that is to see that his horse's plates are not only on, but that nothing has happened to them ; that is to say, he must see that the plate is neither broken nor sprung at the heel. Such things will sometimes occur when the ground is hard, and the plates light, or when they are not nailed close to the end of the heels. If a plate is thrown or broken, a fresh one must be put on. If a plate has sprung at the heel, it must be put right, which may be sometimes done without taking it off, provided the horse has very strong sound feet. When a plate can be put right on the foot without removing it, or without any risk of laming the horse, the method of doing it is this—the smith should place his pincers (shut, or nearly so) between the plate and the foot, and by giving a gentle blow or two with his hammer on the end or heel of the latter, he brings it straight again ; after which, as the foot is strong, he may, in order to prevent the same thing from recurring, take fresh hold higher up, or by making use of a larger sized nail in the same hole, secure the plate. But when a plate may have sprung at the heel of a weak foot, the groom must never allow the smith to put the plate right on the foot, or the odds are that the horse will be lamed. The plate must be taken off and brought in place on any hard level surface that will answer the purpose.

To prevent anything of this sort happening to a horse's plates, the greatest care and attention should be paid by the groom to the making of them, as also to the putting them on ; for when it happens that a horse's plates get at all wrong, it sometimes occasions great trouble and delay, if the horse be high-couraged or impetuous, and more particularly, should he have been called upon rather severely, or perhaps punished a little in running the first heat. From these causes, together with the noise and bustle of the crowd, the horse becomes so irritable and anxious, that it is at times very difficult, where there may not be a stable or rubbing house for the horse to go into, for the boy who looks after him (even with the assistance of the groom—aye, and I will give him his hack into the bargain) to pacify such a horse and get him to stand quiet on the course for the smith to put the plate aright on his foot ; or he may perhaps be obliged to take it off for this purpose. Such occurrences show how necessary it is for the smith to be in attendance on the race-ground during the day the horse has to run. Indeed, unless he is on the spot with his tools, spare plates, and plenty of nails properly sorted and well pointed, the horse cannot (if a plate gets wrong) start for the second or perhaps the third heat, the consequences of which are too self-evident to need explanation.

From incessant travelling and running a horse's feet soon get out of order, unless great care be taken. When they are in that state, the horse must run in three-quarter plates, if he has to run long lengths, or heats ; and if the ground be hard, his feet will suffer much from concussion, and become very hot and painful.

If the horse, after running, has a long way to walk to his stable, perhaps on a hard road, his plates should be carefully taken off on the course, and his shoes should afterwards be as carefully put on.

But when a horse walks from the course to his stable in his plates, I have known some grooms, after having the plates taken off, let the horse stand without shoes. Of this I do not approve. A horse with his feet in the state I have described, cannot well bear the weight of his body on them without shoes; and until the heat and pain in his feet subside, he is mostly seen lying down. I should recommend grooms not to let a horse, under the above circumstances, stand without shoes. It is better by far to put them lightly on, driving the nails into the old holes, and turning down the clinches as easy as possible. A horse can then bear his weight, and will stand or move about in his stall or box with much more ease to himself, than when he has no shoes on.

Remedies for the relief of his feet can be much better applied, but not bran poultices, as used to be the custom. These are not good on such occasions, as the weight of the horse when standing spreads them abroad, and the heat of the feet soon absorbs the moisture of the poultice; and they are inconvenient for horses either to stand or lie down in. It was the custom, and a very excellent one, on a horse's arriving at his stable after running, to foment his legs and feet. I should afterwards put wet pads round the crust of the fore-feet, and stop the bottoms with wet tow, before the stables are shut up at night. The pads and tow should be fresh wetted every stable hour.

If the horse be a craving one, and is likely to lay by for ten or twelve days, I should recommend a dose of physic to keep him light and to assist in getting his feet cool. As soon as the inflammation and soreness had left his feet, the wet pads should be removed, and the tar ointment occasionally applied round the crust of the feet, always keeping the bottoms constantly stopped with wet tow. This is the treatment I should apply to the feet of horses that may have got out of order from the causes mentioned. If a horse's feet are weak and his heels low, and he has to run on hard ground, it would be advisable to let him run in his shoes.

A horse that has strong feet may be plated in the stable, and walk from thence to the course, and after running, he may return to the stables in his plates, and continue wearing them until he has performed his engagements for the meeting, which seldom exceeds three days. The groom will not want to do any work with the horse, as his first day's race will keep the length in him. If he requires anything in the way of exercise, it can only be walking, or at farthest, a short hill gallop, both of which he may accomplish in his plates, without injury to his feet.

ON FISHING IN GENERAL, AND TROUT-FISHING IN PARTICULAR.

BY MAY-FLY.

Continued from the September Number, page 540.

AT the tag-end of my last paper, I promised to enlighten my readers—and may their shadows never be less!—as to the method of fishing with the worm in a rapid stream. It is a branch of the gentle art which stands *per se*, and, strange as it may appear, is the most difficult of all fishing, requiring more nicety and dexterity than most people are aware of; and there is as much difference between worm-fishing *without* a float down a rapid scour (*Devonickè stickle*) and *with* one in a pond or still-pond as there is between a gamecock and a weathercock. We all remember, in the days of our boyhood, when the temporary cessation from the shackles of scholastic discipline enabled us on a half-holiday to fly, after the hastily-swallowed mid-day meal, to the banks of the neighboring stream, there to watch with eager gaze the painted float as it danced before us on the limpid element; and, oh rapture! if some famished eel or ravenous perch nibbled at the brandling, and caused the quill or cork to disappear below the surface, with what suffocating joy did we grasp the hazel-rod, impatient to strike the anticipated prey! This was true enjoyment; and I much question if in after-life, when the predilection for angling has induced a study and consequent perfection in the art, we enjoy with such unmitigated satisfaction our successful efforts, as when we knew nothing of the science beyond spitting a worm, impaling a live bait, or setting night-lines. Having been a fly-fisher all my life, at least from the time I left college, I never dreamt of taking trout with a worm, and it was not until my arrival in Devonshire that I saw it practised, or attempted to follow the example. To say the truth, I considered it *infra dig.*, and I was stupid enough to look upon the worm-fishers here with a feeling bordering on pity and contempt. I have since discovered how erroneous an opinion I had formed, and how much amusement I had denied myself by holding too cheaply this really important, and I may add scientific branch of an angler's education. Thanks to my good fortune, I have a *Pastor* as well as Master, who is the Rector of a village very near my quarters, who has enlightened me on this subject, and to his bright example am I indebted for this addition to the little piscatorial knowledge I can boast of. He is a First Class Man in the art and mystery of fly-fishing, as well as in the classics; and as a worm-fisher he may be ranked as a Senior Wrangler also.

The rod for this kind of fishing should be long and light, of cane or bamboo, and about twenty or twenty-four feet in length; the

line for a broad stream not more than about twelve or fifteen feet, and for a brook, less : it should be of the stoutest gut—a salmon casting-line of twisted gut is the best—and a very small swivel may be added with advantage. About three shot of No. 4 or 5 will be sufficient to sink it, and they must be at least four inches from the hook, which should be of the size ordinarily used for catching perch, or perhaps a little larger, such as a small salmon or sea-trout hook.

I need not tell my Readers that the trout is a nice feeder, and scrupulously particular as to the quality of his fare. He is a dainty gentleman, and those who wish to fill their creels must take especial care to administer judiciously to his gastronomical propensities. Your trout is not a *gourmand*, but a *gourmet*—not a glutton, but an epicure. The worm *par excellence* for these dainty feeders is that with a smokey-blue head, and is to be found in stale fallows, and occasionally in orchards. They must undergo a certain degree of purgation and scouring before they are fit for use, or rather before they are made sufficiently tough to prevent a wary old trout from sucking the pendent tail from off the end of the hook. The process for producing this caoutchouc-like effect is as follows :—Place a layer of these worms at the bottom of a large garden-pot, sprinkle them slightly with some bol-ammoniac, and then add a small handful of fox-earth, and the same quantity of stag-horn moss previously sprinkled with water : then worms, bol-ammoniac, fox-earth, &c., in succession. In three or four days, take out the worms and change the earth and moss. If at the end of a week the worms have become hard, tough, and wirey, they may be put into another pot for a day or two, and covered with the mould thrown up from ant-hills. This will refresh and invigorate the vermicular dainty, and should they become less firm in flesh in consequence of this indulgence, the former process must be resorted to in order that the angler's success may be the more certain.

Having now armed my brother Piscator with rod, line, and bait, I will proceed to tell him how to use his tools. First then, having properly baited his hook, which must not on any account be permitted to protrude through the skin of the worm, let him drop his line in at the top of the scour or run, and walk down stream rather before the point of his rod, *keeping pace with the water*, while the worm trickles down the pebbles. Should a hitch occur, he must “try back,” and disengage it slowly and carefully. Practice and observation alone will enable the worm-fisher to distinguish the nature of the obstruction he meets with in pursuing this diversion, whether it be a stake, a weed, a stone, or a bite.

I need not remind my more experienced brother fly-fishers that at the bottom of every scour or run little curls, pools, and eddies are formed, and that froth accumulates and is whirled round in such localities. Here it is imperative on the worm-fisher to have his eyes as well as his hands about him, for in these chosen places the best fish will be found. In all narrow streams and brooks, boughs, branches, and even roots of trees will overhang and sometimes rest upon the water : the worm-fisher must not pass these by, but

drop his bait noiselessly above these places, lower the point of his rod, and let the worm trickle down beneath these protuberances. The stream will materially assist him in the operation, if he have skill and dexterity sufficient to escape hitching his line in its descent. Practice and patience will do much, and the narrower the brook or stream the shorter must be the line. After, indeed during, heavy rains and floods, the worm, if used as I have stated, will be found the most destructive of all methods for taking trout; and even when the waters are fine, in larger rivers, when the big fish have quitted their winter-quarters, this bait will be found irresistible.

There is great skill required to fish *well* in this way. The sport is very exciting, and the almost certainty of success gives it an additional charm. I admit it is not so cleanly or elegant a pastime as fly-fishing; but, when silk, feather, and dubbing fail, it is somewhat of a consolation to know that you can fill your creel by changing your tackle: so that, since I have had a little insight into this system, I never go out without a little Devonshire urchin at my heels, who is armed with a bag of worms and a twenty-foot rod; and the result is, that by one or other of these means I return home with a dish of fish much to the delight of my better half, who did occasionally, when the fish would not rise, express her doubts as to my skill if I entered my cottage with an empty creel.

I believe at the conclusion of my last paper I expressed an intention of undertaking a little tour into Dorsetshire for the purpose of pike-fishing in the Stoure. I have not been able to put this plan into execution; for a day or two before I proposed setting off, I was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill, and I have been confined to my thatched roof, and I may say my room, ever since. Sciatica, lumbago, and rheumatism, all "rolled into one," with the pleasing addenda of violent spasmodic attacks around the region of the kidney, have combined to lay me on my back, and to give my trout and trolling rods a holiday for some time to come. Wading rivers, and standing up to one's middle in water for hours together, may do very well at three or four and twenty; but when you clap on as many more years to that number, the owner of them cannot bid defiance to these villanous attacks and twinges.

In spite, however, of the accumulated ills under which I am laboring at this moment, I am not unmindful of my promise of furnishing a list of the most taking flies for the rivers in this part of England. In submitting the following instructions for the benefit of those of my fellow fly-fishers who may hereafter be induced to visit the Axe, the Coly, the Yarty, and other of its tributaries, I may have omitted some three or four of the best flies for these streams, but I have done so intentionally, as the directions for making them will be found much more comprehensively stated in a very clever little work by Mr. W. Blacker, of Dean Street, Soho. In justice to my Readers, as well as this talented artist himself, I must refer the amateur fly-tier to this indispensable pocket companion; and if, after an attentive perusal of its instructive pages, the Reader does not acquire a wrinkle or two worth treasuring upon

his memory, I know nothing of feathers, dubbing, silk, cobbler's wax, and mohair. As I am perfectly disinterested in these observations, I can conscientiously assert that Mr. Blacker is beyond compare the best fly-maker *I ever met with*. For neatness, finish, and elegance of workmanship, he stands unrivalled; his flies are *gems*, his book a *bijou*: and those who really wish to know what a scientifically-made fly is, should pay his Establishment a visit. I have some salmon-flies of his, which I have recently sent for, that I would not part with for any money; they are worth a guinea a-piece at the very least. I will begin with the earliest flies, bringing my list down to the present time. Let the Amateur therefore arm himself with the following flies, and tie them thus:—

February and March.—The "March Brown." Body, squirrel's fur wound on waxed yellow silk; legs, red hackle; wing, pheasant's wing.

"Blue Dun or Blue Upright." Body, a very small proportion of blue fur, well interwoven with, or rather twisted on, yellow silk well waxed: legs, a smokey blue hackle: tail, the same: wing, starling's wing.

"Larger Brown Drake" (about the 10th). Body, a strand of cock pheasant's tail, ribbed up with yellow silk slightly waxed; tail, hen pheasant or grouse hackle: for legs, grouse or wren's tail: wing, grouse's wing, or hen pheasant's tail.

"Lighter Blue Dun." Made as the Blue Upright, only smaller and paler.

In addition to these, I invariably use a small red Palmer as a tail-fly.

April.—"Brown Drake" (again), but made smaller than for March, and is a good fly on dark days.—Continue it occasionally till *June*.

"The Lighter Blue Dun," as above, also for cold days.

"Hawthorn" (*vide* Mr. Blacker's book).

"Yellow Upright." Body fine of pale yellow silk: yellowish blue hackle for legs: tail the same; wing, yellow feather of a thrush's wing.

"Grannam," first week. Body, green silk, hare's-ear fur: wing, partridge wing.

"Spider Fly," second week. Body, lead-colored silk: legs, black hackle: wing, woodcock's wing.

"Wren-tail" (*vide* Mr. Blacker's work).

"Iron Blue" (*very* small). Body, rat's-fur, ribbed with fine yellow silk: legs, reddish blue hackle: wing, skitty's wing: tail, reddish.—N. B. This is a top-sawyer on cold days.

"Stone Fly," second week. Body, yellowish red brown, ribbed up with yellow silk: legs, reddish grouse hackle: tail the same: wing, hen-pheasant's wing.—This fly is taken early and late, and continues throughout the month of May.

"Cow Dung" (*vide* Mr. Blacker's work, and his is the best fly of the sort I ever looked upon.)

May and June.—"The May Fly," if made *very* small, may take in the Coly; but in the Axe, strange to say, the trout will not look

at it. Indeed this fly, so common on almost all other rivers, is never seen on this water.

"Blackthorn" (*vide* Mr. Blacker's work).

Oak-aller, or Alder Fly." Body, pale orange-colored silk: legs, a fine black hackle or lapwing's topping throughout: wing, partridge's tail, landrail's wing, or pheasant's wing; rather a long body.—Continue during the remainder of the season.

"Pale Dun." Body, straw-color: legs, pale blue hackle with forks: wing, starling's wing.

"Orl Fly." Body, fox-fur, ribbed up with red silk: legs, blue hackle.

"Black Gnat." Body, black ostrich: wing, jay's wing.

"Blue Gnat" (very small). Body, pale blue, ribbed with silver: thick fur under the wing, which must be of a tom-tit's tail.

During *July and August*, the "Wren-tail Fly," "Grouse Hackle," or "Partridge Hackle," and the "Red Ant" will kill.

The Blue Duns also, if tied small, do great execution.

The "Blue-blow" is a little fly, that does its duty when the water is fine. Body, of blue-fur; some of which should be picked out for legs; wing, from the tail of a blue tom-tit; hook, midge size.

The "Golden Palmer" will kill during July and August on this or any other river: indeed the flies I have named will command success anywhere.

The fly-fishing season will be a late one this year, for the early part of the year was but a continuation of the winter. The fish now (and I am writing in July) are but just coming into prime season. Much sport may fairly be looked for with the fly-rod, and should my medical attendant succeed, as I devoutly pray he may, in setting me on my legs again, I hope to kill a few brace of the speckled delicacies yet before the month is out. But I shall not forego my trip to the Stoure, for trolling and dead-snap fishing are my delight; and if I have a failing it is an inordinate fondness for pike-fishing. It is in truth glorious sport; and as the fresh-water shark is just arriving at perfection, I mean to beat up his quarters as soon as I shall be able to pitch him a savory bait to gorge. Should I have anything worth communicating, I will make known the result of my attempt.

MAY-FLY.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for August, 1843.

A SOCKDOLLAGER OF A SHEEPSHEAD.

The Newark "Daily Advertiser" states that one day last week, as a party of gentlemen of that city were fishing (for bass, probably.) off Bergen Point, one of them caught a *Sheepshead*, which weighed $14\frac{1}{2}$ lb.—doubtless the largest fish ever caught there by means of a "single gut"—that is, a "snell" not much larger than a horse hair.

ON TRAINING THE RACE-HORSE.

BY COTHERSTONE.

Resumed from our last Number, page 532.

TRAINING TWO-YEAR-OLDS.

THE question as to the propriety of subjecting an animal to the ordeal of the training stable at so early an age, has produced a source for argument founded upon very ostensible grounds. The theorist universally condemns the practice; but, if we judge of men by their actions—which are the only sound criteria to be guided by in forming an honest estimate of their opinions—we shall find that most men who are connected with racing sanction it.

There are few points relating to the general arrangements of a racing establishment which demand more serious attention; nor is there any subject which requires more dissecting, in order to examine the various causes which operate for and against the system. In the first place we have the question as to the effect which will probably be produced on the animal for the race or races that he is required to run: in the second, the effect which it may produce on his soundness and physical powers for future races: in the third, whether it may encourage a precocious, speedy breed of horses: in the fourth, if these events, combined, tend to create a less powerful breed of horses in the kingdom than we should possess if the custom did not exist. The next consideration, is it the most profitable course for the owner to pursue?

Taking each question in rotation, the consequence which may be expected to arise from early training will depend very materially upon two circumstances—the nature of the animal, and the course of training to which he is subjected; more latitude being given to the probability of his falling amiss before the day of his running; or other causes rendering it advisable, if not absolutely necessary, to relax his work, from symptoms arising which may render it more than probable that a continuation of his labor will render him ever after useless, than would reasonably interfere with a horse having arrived nearer to the age of maturity. The preparation which a two-year-old is capable of undergoing with propriety is far less severe than that of an older horse; and its duration is, of course, much shorter: in fact, a two-year-old cannot be considered as absolutely fit to run without giving him work to that degree that would in the utmost probability ruin him hereafter, if it did not seal his fate previous to the race for which he might be preparing. One two-year-old may, however, be as well prepared as another; and consequently, so far, they are upon an equality, as they are seldom engaged against horses of greater age. Sometimes, however, there are a few horses at this age

whose peculiar growth and constitution render them particularly calculated to run at this early period ; and this circumstance may frequently be brought forward as a reason for the vast difference in their running for subsequent engagements.

The effect which may be produced on the soundness and physical power of an animal, if trained so young, will depend vastly upon the ordeal which is imposed upon him—that is to say, the way in which he is worked, and his state as to growth. If he be growing fast at the time, he is incapable of enduring any great degree of fatigue. Nature cannot support two such powerful operations at one time, and if work is exacted from a young stripling during a rapid state of growth, some violent and unpleasant symptom is almost certain to be produced either upon the constitution or upon the limbs, and very probably upon both. If we look at the human race, how often do we find that the excessive enjoyment of some athletic sport, at an age when the frame and constitution are unable to bear it, produces consumption. At such a period, both with man or horse, the system demands a great quantity of the bodily fluids to support the growth and development which is taking place, which, being excited and increased by reasonable *exercise*, is salutary ; nevertheless, if too large a portion of those fluids be carried off by *severe labor* of any kind, it manifestly operates in two ways to the injury of the subject—first, by increasing the growth to an undue degree, and also by depriving the constitution of the means of maintaining that growth ; and, although actual disease may not on all occasions follow, deformity of some kind is almost certain to arise.

If a horse is required to undergo more work at any period of his life than his limbs and constitution are capable of enduring, it is certain to exhibit its operation upon some part of the frame, but much more quickly with young ones : any inflammation that may be established about the joints or sinews is very likely to produce unpleasant consequences, but more especially if rest and proper remedies are not at hand. If a disorganization of structure be once produced, it cannot be re-made ; therefore, at whatever age a horse may be in training, the most vigilant eye is required to detect slight symptoms in time to avert serious consequences. Taking the other side of the question, there is no doubt that all horses are better, in the more advanced stages of life, if they have been accustomed to moderate exercise at two years old ; and if this degree of exercise is termed training, it must be with that moderation which will not be injurious. Animals of all kinds require exercise to promote health : in a wild state, we perceive such as are supplied when young with food by their parents, are stimulated to exertion by frolics and gambols ; and as they arrive at an age when Nature has ordained that they should provide for themselves, they are compelled to exertion to obtain their daily food. The athletic amusements which schoolboys seek for during their leisure hours, if not carried to excess, are conducive to their present health, as well as to the future development of the muscles. Do the invigorating games of cricket, in which the Etonians and other

students compete, destroy the vigor of the parties engaged in them! Rowing matches may sometimes lead to extraordinary efforts, which, as I have previously remarked, are injurious; but, if the constitution be not overmarked, as stimulants to exertion they are worthy of encouragement. The sports of the field are also found to be highly essential to health; and the juvenile fox-hunter, whose every leisure hour is devoted to the saddle, becomes by far the stronger-constituted man than he who passes his days in comparative indolence. In manhood, if we seek for the highest-couraged scions of the British aristocracy, we invariably find them from among those who have been brought up at public schools where all sorts of manly exercises prevail: we do not find them among those who have been fostered in a crowded, enervating city, nurtured in the lap of luxury, under the fond care of some widowed mother, who would not for the world permit the dear boy to run the risk of a blow from the cricket-ball, a fall from a horse, or the still more dangerous reception of Father Thames. These matters bear a strong analogy to the condition of a young horse. There can be no doubt that exercise, and that of a decided character, is indispensably necessary; and the discretion which experience has taught us must be our guide as to its extent.

If practical examples are required, or if they carry any influence, it is only necessary to refer to the Racing Calendar, where it will be seen that most of the very best horses that have been bred, and those that have endured the labors of the training-stables during the longest succession of years, have run a few times in public at two years old: besides very many others, Isaac, Independence, and Euphrates, rank conspicuous for their soundness during a great number of very severe races, and for several successive seasons.

Judiciously directed, I am not inclined to believe that, with the majority of horses, training them at two years old is at all injurious. Those which will not endure it are very large, bony, loose-made colts, that are still growing, and which may probably not be fit to come out till they are four years old. At the same time, there is a distinction to be made between training them and running them. Many that are in gentle work would be injured if put forward enough to run; nevertheless, if they are expected to be worth anything during the succeeding year, it is necessary that they should be learning something; besides which, no three-year-old can come to the post fit to run with less than twelve or fifteen months' preparation; and for that reason I consider that, in the true acceptance of the word, no two-year-old can be really fit, because eight or nine months is the greatest time that they can have been at work, and then, unless the most fortuitous circumstances favor them, some coincidence will most probably interfere to interrupt their progress. Moderate exercise being found conducive to the formation and development of muscle, it is surely desirable to promote it during the time the animal is growing; and it scarcely appears to deserve an argument whether it is most rational and advantageous to regulate the animal's exertions by certain intervals

devoted to walking, trotting, cantering, or galloping: or whether it is more proper to permit him to take what exercise he pleases in his paddock, after which he may not unfrequently think proper to stand still and receive the benefit of a north-eastern blast, just after the circulation has been excited, and consequently profuse perspiration produced, to the great danger of a violent cold succeeding. Many persons will contend that a horse will not, when at liberty, take more exercise than is conducive to his health; this I cannot exactly subscribe to; some will take too much, others will not take enough—so much depends upon their constitutions and tempers. If colts remain idle at two years old, they will not be so fit to run at three as those which have done some work, if it be only for the purpose of teaching them their business. And for this purpose, if they are just brought out to run in public once or twice, if I may be allowed the expression, “tenderly prepared and nicely ridden,” whether they win or not, they will be all the better for a future occasion. The expenses of breeding and training are so great, that it becomes a serious circumstance for consideration whether the animal may be worthy of the expenses of training; therefore, most racing men are anxious to know something of the action which their colts possess; and, although many vary so much in the running at two years old and afterwards, still some opinion may be formed; it is very seldom that a colt which is a bad goer ever becomes a first-rate race-horse. So much depends upon action, that I think it may be adopted as a very general principle, that a two-year-old, if his action is not tolerably good, although he may show some speed, will scarcely ever be worth anything when five or six years old.

There can be no doubt that the colt which has taken his growth most favorably at a very early period will run best at two years old; nevertheless, I do not conceive that the Two-year-old Stakes which are in existence have any tendency to the encouragement of a speedy, but weak description of horses. In the first place, I am of opinion that a race for horses at that age, at the distances usually run, is as great a proof of stamina and game in such young animals as a course of a longer distance to those which are more advanced in years. And it must be allowed that horses are not bred for two-year-old stakes alone; there are many others of great value for horses of more mature ages; and no breeder ever yet thought of remunerating himself for his outlay merely by winning two-year-old stakes. The horses are not bred for the stakes, but the stakes are made to suit the horses, bring them into competition, and give the breeder of those which may be good enough an opportunity of reimbursing himself for his expenditure. Comparing the number of two-year-old stakes in the present day with the number of other races, there will not be found a greater, if so large, a proportion as there were forty years ago; they were then in vogue at Newmarket, Middleham, York, and other places of celebrity, and the increased number of horses bred in these days quite equals the increased proportion of two-year-old races.

When we can produce such horses as Slane, Sir Hercules, and

his magnificent son, Coronation, Hetman Platoff, and many others, it is absurd to state that the breed of horses which we now possess has been injured by the system of racing which is established.

STABLE BOYS, HIRING, TEACHING TO RIDE, Etc.

There is not any class of servants whose subordination demands more exaction than that of boys who have the care of raw horses ; the most scrupulous attention is necessary to ensure punctuality, confidence, and integrity.

The establishment of these attributes in a community composed of boys whose education is never very extensive, and frequently defective in principle, can only be hoped for by laying down certain rules the infraction of which must never escape its equivalent punishment. Ill treatment of boys by the master or other head functionary is as culpable as bad conduct is in them ; perhaps more so, because he ought, from his age and experience of the world, to know better. No colony possesses internal peace unless it be regulated by appropriate and well digested laws. Where there are so many youthful tempers to be governed—as there must of necessity be where the service of a number of boys is required—laws must be established, and never be suffered to be transgressed : once broken, a feeling of disregard for the whole will be created, and disrespect will arise against the author of them. Their mildness will ever be found a powerful pillar of their support. The more they exceed the bounds of moderation the greater will be the excuse for their not being acted upon.

The number of boys employed varies, in most stables, according to the quantity of horses ; thus, if there be only three, or perhaps four horses, it is scarcely possible to do without a boy to each ; but when that number is exceeded, a lesser proportion of boys will be able to look after them. And if the number of horses arrive to eight or ten, five or six boys will be quite sufficient ; and one of the most certain means of keeping them in order and maintaining subjection, will invariably be found in giving them sufficient employment.

In selecting boys qualified for this purpose it is desirable to seek for such as are small in stature ; but whether that propensity will descend from the parents in all cases is a matter of very great doubt. A much less fallacious criterion may be anticipated by the actual growth of the urchin himself. It is somewhat annoying when a boy has been a couple of years in the stable, and promising to become useful, to find all at once that he springs up to a gigantic form, becoming more fit for a Life Guardsman than to look after a race-horse. Neither is the boy himself benefitted by the tuition which he has received. Whatever calling a youth commences with, it is, in every station of life, to his advantage, that he continue to follow it ; otherwise loss of time must ensue in learning another trade. It is a great consideration to select boys from industrious and respectable parents : and although it

appears rather hard "to visit the sins of the father upon the children," such is unquestionably the most prudent alternative. If the father or mother be ill-disposed and troublesome, very little good will be done with their children; they will be rendered restless and discontented without cause, independent of the previous bad propensities which they may have acquired, and which must be eradicated before proper habits can be established.

A very usual practice is to engage young boys for a term of years, because during the first twelvemonths, at least, his services will not be of any value. When such terms are entered upon, the employer usually provides the boy with clothes, in the same manner as an apprentice: and of course, on some occasions, boys are regularly bound by their parents or the parish authorities.

Boys who receive wages, of course are paid according to their abilities—such equivalent for their services varying from five to ten pounds per annum—the latter sum when they have in some degree learnt their duties, and have evinced good conduct, by which they can command satisfactory characters. If boys really knew the value of character, they would be more steady than they are; but the giddy thoughtlessness of youth too commonly predominates, and renders many a boy not viciously disposed too regardless of minor circumstances, which, frequently occurring, establish the appearance of carelessness and inattention; and he is, consequently, when out of place, unable to procure such a recommendation as will ensure him a good service. The custom of finding boys in clothes—although it may be the only alternative in order to maintain the respectability of their appearance—is by no means an economical system; there are no kind of servants more careless and wasteful in their wardrobe. And with such as are engaged by the year—if anything occurs that their service is broken off before the termination of that period—there is considerable loss incurred, as their clothes are almost sure not to suit another; at all events, without alteration. Of course, if they find their own garments, it is a consideration in the amount of wages.

Rubbing up bandages, making wisps, cleaning bridles and saddles, and such like subordinate engagements, are usually imposed upon boys on their first arrival; so that by waiting upon those who know their business, the juveniles become familiar with each operation, and in course of time are able to perform those which they have seen others do.

The art of riding is acquired by some with great facility; whilst there are others who never can be made horsemen of, take what pains you will to instruct them. Timid boys require much encouragement, and should be put on very quiet horses at first to establish confidence, without which they are never good for anything.

A very simple plan—but one which I have frequently found exceedingly beneficial in teaching boys some of the first rudiments of horsemanship—is by placing a saddle on the stand used for cleaning them, and putting the boy on it, merely for the sake of showing him in what position to place his legs and feet, and like-

wise to instruct him in the proper method of holding, dividing, and managing his reins. It affords an opportunity of quietly explaining various little matters at a time when the learner has nothing else to abstract his attention. More may be done in thus occupying a quarter of an hour daily for two or three days, than in a month—on horseback especially, if the horse be not very quiet, and the boy gifted with considerable confidence. It too frequently happens that a boy gets a habit of clinging to a horse through fear, and thus acquires a bad seat, which it is difficult to correct: nothing can be worse than to see a rider striving to keep his saddle in a constrained attitude.

When a boy is calculating upon the danger of a fall from the animal which he bestrides, he is incapable of attending to the instruction he may be receiving at the time. The formation of the thigh has a great influence over the power and security, which art may improve; but no study or practice will make a perfect horseman of one who has short, round, and fat thighs. The natural form must, however, be the guide to the position in the saddle, which is most adapted to the construction. A person with long lean thighs will ride proportionately shorter than one whose thighs are plump, short, and muscular. The clip of the knee is a subject of great importance, and, acting in conjunction with the upper part of the calf of the leg, assists vastly in securing a firm and elegant seat. It is too frequently the case in riding up a gallop, that boys depend upon their hands to keep them steady; thus, by hanging at their horses' heads, their mouths become insensible, and if they have any predisposition to bolt, are with great difficulty restrained. Indeed, to this circumstance, combined with that of working horses too severely, or at times when they are not quite well, may be assigned the cause for nine out of ten becoming confirmed in this abominable habit. A boy should be directed to acquire the power of supporting himself entirely by the steadiness of his seat, without resorting to, or placing the least dependence on the bridle; by that method he may, in course of time, with practice, attain the essential qualification of a first-rate horseman—good hands. Many men are possessed of good seats, with the most dead, heavy hands imaginable; the consequence is, when they attempt to ride high-couraged horses with delicate mouths, they are unable to manage them. At the same time, it is necessary to remark that a rider can scarcely have good hands unless he have a tolerably firm seat. It is confidence which, in a great degree, enables either man or boy to ride with power. However large formed, or physically strong a horseman may be, if he is nervous and destitute of confidence he is a useless piece of lumber on the animal which he bestrides. A horseman should at all times sit with his feet somewhat forward, and his toes elevated: to see the foot thrust into the stirrup with the toes pointing downwards is very unseemly and even dangerous, and weakens the seat by relaxing the muscles of the calf of the leg. Moreover, instead of the bottom of the foot bearing in the stirrup, it is the instep which receives the weight of the body, and in this position is constantly liable, should the horse

swerve, plunge, or kick, of whirling the rider from his seat—through the agency of the stirrup leathers—much in the same way as a stone is thrown from a sling, and leaving the unconscious individual quite at a loss how to account for the dilemma. There is a material difference between the seat at the time a horse is walking or galloping to that when he is rearing, plunging, or kicking. When walking little constraint is necessary; but no rider should at any time be so far off his guard as not to be able to acquire a perfectly secure seat in an instant, if a horse commences his gambols. When once he has discovered that he can dislodge his jockey, he will not be very scrupulous in attempting it again.

London Sporting Review for August, 1843.

A SUMMER'S DAY AMONG THE TROUTS.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

THE FISHING.

WELL, here we are at last, in the greenest of all green meadows; and with such lovely groupings of trees and flowers around us, with glimpses of streamlet between the branches, that were we not blood thirstily bent on a crusade against the whole tribe of salmo fario, we should be strangely puzzled whether to write a string of sonnets to the bluebells and dandelions, or to best-Cumberland-lead-pencil a series of sketches of the alders and willow-pollards. It is a lovely spot, where we are now standing, and there is not a bough or a stem around us but tells of the dear old days, of those joyous times when our step was as elastic as this fly-rod, when our heart was as light as this dancing greendrake. And if in that tale of the dead-and-buried years there be a touch of sorrow, if the smile that it conjures up feels as if, for two straws, it would break into a tear, who shall say that without that dash of sadness the emotion would be as dear. The heart is but a soda-water bottle: joy is the carbonate, regret is the tartaric acid. It is this that makes life fizz. Without the due admixture, the drink would be flat, stale, and unprofitable.

There, our rod is adjusted now: stretcher and droppers are duly posted, like a line of sentries set to challenge every passing trout: the water is in beautiful order, neither too fine nor too muddy: the mill above is in full rumble, and the stream, pouring forth at racing pace, fills every nook and cranny of the channel full to overflowing. But stay *one* instant! there is *such* an effect of light at this moment among the alders on our left! We must sketch it: it won't take us a moment: you hold the rod: hickory must give way to cedar for a few seconds. There! there it is! a perfect bit of faëry.

Man might glory in it—nay, is now glorifying in the midst, for aught I know. The elements of our landscape are mighty humble, and would be looked upon by the whole cartoon committee perhaps as altogether beneath committeeeship. We have neither mountain nor forest; precipice nor cataract; beetling rock nor frowning castle. Our picture is of the humblest materials: the foreground, a cluster of fox-gloves; in the mid-distance a group of alders, whereof one has been partially uprooted by the stream, and lies across the channel, leaning against its fellows; beneath the alders, the brook, glancing and glimmering away amongst the green leaves and green banks, till it is lost sight of in the gloom of the matted foliage; in the background, nothing—nothing, did I say! wretch that I am!—in the background, God's beautiful blue heaven, filled with its own beautiful landscape of clouds and sunshine, whereof every touch is so bright and marvellous that in gazing on that alone we could dream away whole hours and days of delight. Of such is our picture, so simple its features, so commonplace its elements. But there is a charm upon it at this moment, that even mightiest mountains and loftiest forests do not always possess, the charm of light. That bending alder that we told you of, lying across the stream and contrasting with the erect forms of its more fortunate fellows; that is one chief source of the beauty of our landscape: for it has so fallen that its stem exactly intersects a dark patch of foliage behind; and as the sunlight falls in little bright lines upon its branches and trunk, or scatters itself in patches among the leaves, the effect of the combination is most beautiful. The foxglove, too, in front, lovely as wild flower need be—and what more lovely than wild flowers?—lovely, I say, as wild flower need be in its own proper beauty, is still more bewitching under the glance of old Phæbus. I used to think that nothing could be more brilliant than that dappled crimson, seen as it was then in the shadow of some dark forest: but now, when I look on the blossom in the shade, and the one by its side, lit up by the sunshine, what a dowdy, gloomy, brickdust piece of florality the former appears! Then again, underneath the alders, the glance along the stream, where it winds away into a twilight of flowers and branches, and flashes as it goes, like ten thousand thousand diamonds. Diamonds indeed! what are they to this? carbon to streamlet? charcoal to sunlight? What is the glimmer of the finest lady's diamonds, worth their thousands of pounds though they be, to this glorious, everlasting sparkle of sun and stream—that doesn't cost me twopence? And besides, *our* brilliants never cease dazzling: they never get stolen; for, thank heaven, no mortal casket can contain them: they *never turn to paste*. Blessed, beautiful life of the country, where every thought is as blithe as the carol of the song-bird overhead, where every joy is as pure as the streamlet that winds beneath our feet! glorious to dwell there! to dwell, as Cousin Florence so sweetly sings,

———“beside the calm waters,
 Apart from the world and its cold-hearted crew;
 Where Contentment, the fairest of earth's gentle daughters,
 With flow'rs that are thornless, our pathway shall strew.

Where, far from the crowd, and life's fevering pleasures,
 Like the stream that flows past us, our lives shall glide on ;
 And we would not exchange, for the miser's rich treasures,
 An existence so blest, tho' to splendor unknown."

But come ! we must be at the sport now, for our sketch is finished, and our little greendrakes look impatient. Come along !

And imprimarily, of flies ; one word about those dear little entomologies, that have, as it were, stung and goaded the doctors of our divine art till they run about the fields of hypothesis like so many mad cattle. Reader, which side do you take ? Are you of the tribe of Omar, or the tribe of Ali ? do you side with Greece or Rome ? are you white rose or red rose ? Molinist or Jansenist ?—or, better than all, are you iconoclast or imagist ? for that is, in truth, the very subject-matter of the dispute : whether we ought to have in honor the exact image and similitude of the fly, or whether we ought to pin our faith on the efficacy of an impromptu *Ichneumonida* : whether we are bound to adhere rigidly to the prescribed "whisk from the wing of a sea swallow," with the "feathers of a peewit's topping," and a plumelet or two from the tip of a salamander's tail ; or whether we may venture abroad with a heterogenous pinch of silk and dubbing, wound higgledy-piggledy round the first hook we lay our hands on ? This is the question ; and no one can be more agitatedly alive to the importance of it than ourselves. We have heard evidence on both sides—*vivâ voce*, and by affidavit (Humphrey Davy, we might almost have said) : we have listened to the tales (and sad long ones some of them were) of the image-worshippers ; and we have heard the stories (sad big ones some of those were) of the iconoclasts. We have ourselves experimented in both manners : we have made flies so like their prototypes that their own mothers could not tell the difference—of course the fish stood no chance against them ; and again, we have taken trout with such monsters of entomology that it would puzzle a woodpecker to know whether they were intended for flies or tooth-brushes. We are aware of the deep interest attaching to the question : we are not so hyper-modest as to be unconscious of the eagerness with which the rival doctors are awaiting our decision : we know that the eyes of Europe are upon us—of Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and New South Wales—and not of the continents alone, but of every blessed mariner that taketh fish on the high seas ; of every frequenter of lake or estuary ; of every dabbler in stream and streamlet. And hear, oh rival schismatics, the judgment of Sylvanus ! iconoclasts and image-worshippers, down on your knees ! take hands, nor rise again till you have sworn never again to break the brotherly love and unanimity that should subsist among you ! To you, iconoclasts, we say, Doubtless the fish are not such nice entomologists as to be able to distinguish every kind of winged insect that flutters over the wave : to you, image-lovers, we concede that the trout are not such spoons as, when feeding upon the Mayfly, to take a lump of dubbing made up into a bumble-bee bolus. This, then, is our practice : we always fish with a fly made as nearly as possible in the likeness of nature ;

for, if the fish care not that the fiction be closely resemblant of the fact, at least they cannot *object* to such similitude; and after all, when we have dubbed and warped till our bones ache, heaven knows the *res nata* is unlike enough to the living model to satisfy the most uncompromising iconoclast of them all. Such are the words of Sylvanus. *Ite missa est!*

And now to the battle. The brook is bank-full, the mill is spinning round as merry as a humming-top, all the fourteen straw weathercocks in farmer Strongitharm's stackyard are pointing due south, the air is alive with insects, especially the lovely little gossamer-winged Mayfly, that is dancing and dancing for his little everlasting under every green bush that grows along the stream-side: all is in white-pebble order for our exploit, and it shall go hard but we distinguish ourselves before the day's out.

See! there rose a *Salmo fario* (only he wouldn't know himself by this name) at the little Mayfly that was

“——dancing along
Like a child with a song;”

and now, plump into the bull's eye of that little circle he has raised on the water, will we shoot our little pet greendrake. There he goes: Robin Hood could not have done it better: straight into the middle of the target, like a good toxophilite of Sherwood. Now, take care of yourself, my merry Fario! if you venture to touch so much as the tip of one of the whisks of his tail, it's all up with you. Snap!—twitch!—there, I told you how it would be. Now you are as fast as Doctor's Commons to that bit of Irishsteel, and not all the repealers in Dan's tail could make you “great glorious, and free” again; so just take care of our tackle, and not rumple it up against those stones yonder, or here among these old roots. Pull away, old fellows! fair pully-haully is a game we'll play at as often as you and your jolly companions like. What we detest is hole and corner work; dodging among rotten stumps, matted leaves, heaps of broken stones, and the like. A fair run in the open is our delight: a “clear stage and no favor” is our motto. Go the pace, then, old ruby-sides! don't spare the hickory, try the mettle of the whalebone, give the gut and horsehair as good as they send, let rod and line have a Roland for an Oliver. Whew! what a jump! three feet into the oxygen, if it was an inch. Bravo! my little harlequin! Encore the sunset! The little greendrake holds his own though: no bulldog could keep a better grip of his taurus than our little cadew does of his salmo. The little rogue has but one tooth, but that one is more than a match for all the mclars and incisors of gaffer Fario put together; Speckleback is trying now to spit out the tiny ephemeris, but he might just as well attempt to spit out his own tongue; for the cunning rogue has so fixed his single tusk into the lips of poor trouty, that if every ruby on his dappled sides were multiplied a thousand-fold, he could not shake off that perverse little atomy. Come, come! 'ware rat holes! fair and square, free and open, is the agreement: keep to your own element, gentle salmo, and don't seek to invade mine.

There you go again, in among the candecks like a foul traitor as you are. Spin, my merry reel! fly out, my nimble line! There, now let the caitiff take his fling: let him "walk the waters" to his heart's content: we will not challenge him in his path. Dash down the stream he goes, head foremost, racing pace, wild as an unbroke colt, mad as a March hare, through rapid and whirly-hole, right away to the gravelly shadows below. Foolish *Salmo*! short-sighted *Fario*! not to see that in such a course your fate was sealed, not to have been aware that your only chance lay in dodging me about among the minerals and vegetables. Now your doom is certain: your thread of life has not the length of my foot-line to run: your sand (with coming upon this gravel) is dribbling its last grains: you are breathing your last water: speaking fishily, you may exclaim, *voila mon fin*!

In just the time that you may boil an egg, from the last phase in the proceedings, *salmo fario* has been hauled to within a yard and a half of the shore, has had the most insinuating of landing-nets glided under him, has made a last dying jump and confession, and has been forcibly abducted from his native element, and consigned to the ignominious thralldom of my fishing-panier. The rogue is three pounds if he's an ounce: as red as a rouge-dragon; with a fine small thorough-bred head; and a back as humpy as a dromedary. Little greendrake looks none the worse for his tussle; it has ruffled his feathers a little, to be sure: but he don't care: he gives himself a shake, sets up his hackles afresh, and is as ready to do battle with any dare-devil trout of the lot, as if he had been sitting all day perched on a stone, or lying ensconced between the leaves of my fly-book.

He has not to wait long; for the trout display such an avidity to be hooked to-day that one would think they were anxious to obtain a notice in the *New Sporting Magazine*, and to leave their jaws at our office for the inspection of any inquiring-minded subscriber or correspondent. Of a truth, this brace that now lie before us deserve to be immortalised in that queen of periodicals; and were it not so late in the month, we would certainly send in a cartoon of the group for the purpose of being engraved and presented to our loving readers.

In ten minutes more we have landed a brace that make the others look as small as pinks and bull-heads, and we are obliged to cancel the plate: in ten minutes after that, group the second has been outdone by group the third; and the miller, who comes up as we are banking the last four-pounder (and no one knows better than the miller the points of a good trout), declares that in all "his experience" he has never seen a finer fish taken than the one before us.

A fine fellow of a miller Horsebean is too—only we call them *milners* in these parts—and as good a fisherman as ever wetted a line. A humorist to boot, and hath in especial horror all dandy sportsmen and gentish modes of sporting. I remember a Doudney-togged cockney once endeavoring to enlighten Horsebean on the art and mystery of shooting trout with swan-shot: "Ah," said

the worthy Ceres, "if you want to kill trout, you'd better load with *slugs*."

After another throw or two under the direction of Horsebean (for he knows the local habitation of every good fish in the stream—and though we don't expect him to point us out the *very* biggest in the collection, we are sure that he will supply us with his "best seconds"), we begin to feel that, in fishing as in love, *Sine Cerere et Baccho*, &c., so that we gladly accept the milner's invitation to "a bit o' lunch in a friendly way, and a glass of home-brewed without no sort o' ceremony."

If there is a perfect little paradise on this side the grave, it is Horsebean's mill-cottage. It is as completely buried in foliage as a rosebud in its moss: till you come close upon it, you cannot see so much as a chimney-stack, except it is from the river, down a reach of which it has a beautiful view. It was once white, but thank heaven they cannot whiten it afresh, for it is quite covered with roses and jasmines, that leave not so much as room for the tip of the painter's brush to intrude between the leaves and the blossoms. In front is a little plot of flower-garden, half grass and half flower-beds, looking as pretty and refreshing as strawberries-and-cream in an arbor. On one side of the house is an orchard, where, beneath the apple and plum trees, are seen well-stocked coops of chickens and turkey poults, the pride of dear Mrs. Horsebean's heart and the cherished objects of her six-o'clock-in-the-morning's solitudes. On the opposite side of the mansion, acting, as an R. A. would say, as a *pendant* to the hen-coops, is the mill, the glorious, ever-rumbling, ever-splashing, ever-dusty mill, with its little colony of busy Albinos, best of alchymists, transmuting the rude produce of the field into the precious "stuff that life is made of." A perfect picture in itself is the mill; backed by a magnificent group of elms, its old half-timbered walls stand out, when a glance of sunlight falls on them, like an "effect" of Rembrandt or Teniers; one half of the walls is concealed by the ivy, which runs up to the very chimney tops, and only stops there because rainbows and sunbeams offer no good hold to its tendrils; the other moiety is rich in a hundred-year-old coating of lichens and mosses, turned up with white about the doors and windows, where the current of air has carried the dust of the pulverised grain. The great wheel, hanging over the stream below, and throwing out sparkling jets of water from every float, seems rather some beautiful device to please the eye than a mere utilitarian piece of mechanism; and indeed, when the sun shines, and each brilliant drop reflects some bright hue of solar light, while over all hangs the soft arc of the iris, we defy the *grandes caux* of Versailles with all their pomp—[query, "pump"]—to surpass it.

Surely, surely, the owner of such a paradise must be happy. Let us go in and see.

"Mrs. Horsebean—Mr. Swanquill."

"Oh! I've known Mrs. Horsebean this many a long day. How do you do, Madam? though I need not ask you: your looks—" (Mrs. Horsebean's heart captured from this moment).

"Oh, sir!"

"And how charming your place is looking at this moment! We've just been round it, Horsebean and I, over the mill, through the garden, round the orchard, and *by Jove!* such a brood of turkey poults as you've got!" (Mrs. Horsebean's affections, already won, now secured in a fixity of tenure.)

"Law! do you think so?"

"Magnificent!" (Dear Mrs. H. here holds a confidential colloquy with the servant maid, the object of which is—though of course we pretend not to see it—to take back that bottle of second-best ale, and bring up another of very best).

Horsebean himself has meantime been busily employed in spreading his hospitable board, and to it we go with appetites that might make kings envious. Having assured herself that we have got everything comfortable, dear Mrs. H. begs to be excused a few moments, having to attend to a batch of guinea-fowls, whose mamma, to use a popular phrase, has just persuaded them to shell out. Mrs. H. (and half a dozen glasses of the very-best) having disappeared, Horsebean masculine begins to open his heart.

"Well, sir, so you would think; so would anybody think that I orts to be the happiest man alive. I've plenty of money, and neither chick nor child to spend it on, and my wife and me orts to live like princes. But, sir, there it is: my wife, I mean: she's as good a woman as ever was born, in one sense of the word; but, sir, she is so uncommon stingy. In course, this is all between ourselves, and I know you'll keep it a solid secret: but, sir, she is so terrible saving. You know, Mr. Swanquill, that I'm fond of a good table; good meat and good drink with it; and as I can afford it, I think I ought to have it, for I see no use in hoarding up my money in saving-banks, or in strong boxes like a miser; but my wife is of a contrary opinion: if I order a leg of mutton and turnips, when I come home, I find myself put off with cabbage and bacon; if I have a goose killed on the sly for the Sunday's dinner, I find, when Sunday comes, that the goose has been sent off to the preceding day's market, and that I must needs make my dinner on the giblet pie. The end of it all is, sir, that, to get a good dinner, I'm obliged to run about from one market to another all over the country; and in order to have money to spend on these occasions (for my wife always insists on keeping the cash), I'm forced every now and then to sell a stack of hay, or a horse out of the team, or anything, in short, to deceive my old dame and get a supply of the ready. But come, sir, you don't drink. Then again, you know, I like to have everything about me genteel and comfortable; for as I can afford to be genteel and comfortable, I see no reason why I shouldn't indulge myself that way. And look around you, sir! did you ever see such a *rubbidging* old-clothes shop as this is? and yet it is as handsome-furnished a room as any in the parish. That sofa, sir, cost me twenty-two golden guineas—the most beautiful mahogany and the most beautiful horse-hair that could be got for money—and the moment it came into the house, my old woman set to and never rested till she'd thatched it over, as I call it, with

that old bed-curtain. The same, sir, of that looking glass over the mantel shelf; it's the very best plate glass as can be made, and the frame is the best water-gilt; but, sir, I have never seed myself in it since into the house it come—and I don't see why I shouldn't see myself in the best glass that ever was made, if such is my fancy, for I can afford it—but 'Oh,' says my wife, 'the flies will spoil it in no time,' and away to work she goes to swaddle it in that beastly yellow gauze. But in the winter, says I, there's no flies. 'No,' says she, 'but then the smoke!' Do fill up, sir! here's to the noble art of Angling."

"The noble art of Angling!"

"In short, sir, it's the same all through the chapter. That picture against the wall is the portrait of my dear lamented uncle, and you know what a comfort it is to be able to gaze on the likeness of departed friends and relations. Well, sir, I havn't clapt eyes on my dear lamented uncle for these fourteen years—never since the servant maid set fire to the last piece of yellow gauze, and it was replaced by the present. Chairs the same, sir: if you hadn't been here, I should have been obliged to make my meal on a three-legged stool out of the kitchen. And it is entirely owing to you, Mr. Swanquill—who are, I don't know why, a great favorite with my old dame—it's entirely owing to you, sir, that we are favored with this blue-and-white set, instead of plain white platters as usual. Not, sir, that I care much about the color of one's plates and dishes; for, as I say, hunger is the best sauce"—

"Hear, hear!"

"And a hearty welcome is the best seasoning"—

"Hear, hear, hear!"

"And to see my friends making a hearty meal and enjoying themselves, is the best Swallow pattern you can offer me."

"Hear, hear, hear, hear!"

Mrs. Horsebean just then coming in, puts an end to the description of the miller's dulce domum. The good lady, seeing that we have got to the end of our very-best, supplies us (the miller doesn't know why) with a fresh bottle of equal potency; and that being succeeded by a third, the miller grows so excessively bosom-friendly that he proposes to make me "joint executrix" to his will with Mrs. H.; while that good lady, under the influence of another dose or two of flattery, insists on stuffing a great cream-cheese into my fishing panier, wrapping it up with a cabbage leaf and a promise that if she has luck with her turkey poults—those turkey poults that I admired so much—she shall do herself the honor to send me one of the fattest, to eat in remembrance of her.

Dear Mrs. unsophisticated Horsebean!

It had been our intention to say something about the evening fishing: we had booked several splendid apothegms about the *Spilosoma Lubricepeda*, the *Laciocampa Rubi*, and other moths and vesper flies of equal attractiveness; but 'pon my life, that Anno Domini of Horsebean's is subversive of all entymology, and we could no more kill a trout now than we could mesmerise a

laughing hyena. We are no advocates of suicide, and to trust ourselves by the margin of that mill-stream would be next door to it. All we can say is, we are sincere friends of all true lovers of the angle—here's to all their very good healths!—we are a contemplative man, and we consider the Contemplative Man's Recreation as one of the most honor—honoror—honororable pursuits that ever—come, Horsebean, old boy, fill up!—that dignifies human nature, exalts mankind—Mrs. Horsebean, your good health! d—n it, take down the yellow gauze, ma'am—expands the heart, corrects the judgment—off with the old rusty counterpane from the sofa, madam—increases the amenities, elucidates the—the passions—invalidates—the sentiments—encourages—the tergiversation—and—circumnavigates—circum—circ—

* * * * *

[Here, we are sorry to say, the essay terminates. A circular stain on the lower part of the paper strongly suggest the presence of a pint pot. In short, the whole MS. has a decidedly beery smell, and we are sadly aware that Swanquill and the "milner" have been making a couple of beasts of themselves.—ED. N.S.M.]

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for August, 1843.

A FIRST OF SEPTEMBER IN THE PLAINS OF LOWER EGYPT.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL E. NAPIER.

"The Exiled Spirit sighing roves,
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm Rosetta's Vale—now loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of *bright flamingos*, as they break
The calm of Mæreotis Lake."—LALLA ROOKH.

ALEXANDRIA has oft and aptly been termed the Cradle of Pestilence, the birth-place of the fell and sweeping Plague; and whoever wanders over the desolate barren sands in its neighborhood would fancy the dread Demon had, with a deadly blast from his poisoned breath, not only swept off every being endowed with life, but had likewise scorched up and blighted all other productions of a fair and all-bountiful Nature. Desolation itself appears here doubly desolate. The very ruins, thickly scattered o'er this dreary scene, bear the impress of a heavier hand than that alone of time and age; and as the stranger mournfully wanders above heaps of crumbling pottery and pulverized brick, his eye in vain searches for any of those noble relics which recall scenes of bygone splendor and renown, hallowing by their shade the ground trodden by

former greatness! In roaming over the Colisæum, the Acropolis, the Troad, Balbec, or Palmyra, Memory, though saddened at the sight, rests with a mournful pleasure on a fallen column, a ruined arch, a broken pedestal; which, forming links between the present and the past, are lasting mementos over which Meditation can repose, though she drop a tear in so doing.

Such is the neighborhood of Alexandria—such the surrounding waste, where, save Pompey's Pillar, and the Needles of Cleopatra, not one stone rests on another where even the jackall or hyæna can take up their abode—not a shaft or pedestal remains standing where the owl or vulture may find a footing! This dreary solitude affords a strong contrast to the life and bustle of the city itself—a city now fast rising from its long slumbering ruins, and again becoming, after the lapse of centuries, the mart of commerce and high road of communication between the East and the West. Its port, now bristling with a “forestry of masts”—its busy and crowded streets—the motley character of its population, people of every nation of the earth appearing to be here congregated—its rising edifices—all now present a very different appearance from what it exhibited some very few years back.

Issuing through the western gate from amidst all this scene of industry, bustle, and commerce, you appear at once transported into the sandy barrenness of the Lybian Desert, as, treading over that city of the dead, the ancient Necropolis, with its excavated catacombs, and wending along the shallow though wide expanse of Lake Mæreotis*, the traveller finds nought on which to rest the eye save a boundless expanse of burning sands, or the glare of a vertical sun on this large salt sheet of water, of however so little depth, that, far as the sight can range, numerous flocks of brilliant flamingos may be seen wading through its waters in search of their accustomed prey. To the southward the town is bounded by the above Lake, or inundation, along whose banks run the Mahoumidieh Canal: here some slight traces of verdure may be met, and along the narrow strip of green cultivation irrigated by its waters are found the country-houses of the numerous European merchants established in Alexandria.

It was in this green little oasis that stood the hospitable mansion of my friend T—, who united invariably with his amiable Lady in shewing every kindness and attention to all travellers and fellow-countrymen wandering in this far and distant land; and often in the cool vine-covered and banana-shaded bowers of this terrestrial Eden have I taken refuge, whilst raged the smothering Khumseen wind, the dreaded Simoom of the Desert, or when

“The Demon of the Plague did cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal for them never came
From the red Desert's sands of flame!”

and spread terror and desolation through the then deserted and abandoned streets of Alexandria!

* This Lake, or rather inundation, was formed by General Hutchinson in 1801, who cutting through the embankment of the Canal, allowed the waters of Lake Maadie to spread over that large extent of country which forms the present Lake Mæreotis.

Oft here, as in Boccaccio's garden, would a party assemble and wile away the heavy hours of pestilence and dread. Oft from his portal would we mount our gallant steeds, and scour the Desert towards Aboukir, over the deep, sandy, date-covered Plains of Ramlah, or the stony heights of Cæsar's camp, those scenes of British prowess, that last battle-field of the gallant Abercrombie! and many is the fox, jackal, and wild dog that we have caused to run for their lives in these our wild Mazeppa-like expeditions*!

Even the dullest and most sombre periods of life are occasionally irradiated by a bright stream of sunshine; and that heavy cloud in our existence, a long residence at the city of the Ptolemies, was thus often broken and illumined by those lightning courses over the Desert in the company of a few light-hearted and joyous spirits, with whom dull care was cast aside like a falcon from its jesses, and given to the winds of Heaven even as the long-flowing manes of our fiery and foaming Arab steeds.

Thanks to the efforts of my aforesaid hospitable friend, did we manage pretty well to kill time, though it must be confessed little besides, till one day the unusual sight of a wild boar's head at his well-furnished table suggested the idea of a hog-hunting expedition a few miles to the Eastward, along the banks of the Mahoumidieh Canal, where the "halouf" (wild boar) were said to abound. Accordingly spearheads were fashioned, shafts procured for the same, a comfortable kunjah hired, and a jolly party, consisting of G—, T—, myself, and some Officers of H. M. steamer Medea, having fixed the day, laid in a good stock of prog and liquor, and consigned the same to the care of Mr. Snow, our horses were sent on with their saïces, and we decided on following them per Canal the next day.—But it is now time to introduce a character who in the following pages will cut a most conspicuous sporting figure—the above-named worthy, Mr. Snow.

Born near the sources of the "Giant Nile" in the remote regions of Kordofan, Mirjan, surnamed (*lucus a non lucendi*) from his ebony complexion "Snow," had at an early age found his way into the slave-market of Alexandria, where he had many years since been purchased by an English Gentleman, who gave him his freedom, and in whose family he had ever since resided. However, his patron having occasion to leave Egypt to proceed for a few months to England, I promised until his return to take charge of this jetty excrescence of Ethiopia.

In the remote interior of Africa, on reaching the confines of

* These desert and sandy plains abound likewise with a small animal called the "jaboa," about the size of a rat, but possessing most of the characteristics of the kangaroo. By some writer this little creature is supposed to be the *saphan* of Scripture, commonly translated as the "coney." Again it is supposed that the Hebrew Legislator alluded to the jaboa when he said: "Whatsoever goeth upon its *paws*, among all manner of beasts that go on all four, those unclean unto you." (Lev. xi. 27); and although the coney or rabbit, which is also interdicted as unclean at verse 5 of the same chapter, may be said to go occasionally upon its (hind?) "paws," still the jaboa not only sometimes feeds in that position, but, from the peculiar shortness of its fore legs, it moves by a succession of leaps and jumps, and, when stopping, brings its feet close under its belly, and rests on the juncture of the leg. Neither during my residence in Syria did I ever behold a rabbit, nor am I aware of their existence in that country. Again, the prophet Isaiah, in making mention of the idolatrous habits of the countrymen, notices the eating of "swine's flesh" and the abomination of the *mouse*, which, possessing some of the attributes of the jaboa, may have been confounded with the latter.

Abyssinia, the Negro race appears, both in shape and features, to undergo a sudden improvement, to lose many of what are considered its distinctive and characteristic qualities, and although the ebony hue still prevails, yet the low forehead, the mis-shaped protuberance miscalled a nose, the large pouting lips, make way for a much more regular outline of countenance, approaching in many respects to that of the European; and some of the Abyssinian slave girls, daily disposed of in the markets of El Muir, might often vie in appearance with the dark though handsome maidens of Hindostan, with their graceful forms and classic features.

But Mr. Snow possessed none of these deceptive marks of exception: he was a true "Nigger" every inch of him, and moreover one of the ugliest dogs of that ill-favored race. His age might have been about twenty; he stood nearly six feet without his "paposhes;" his long ungainly form was sustained on a pair of drumsticks, each describing in its outward curve the true semi-circular line of grace and beauty, and well adapted by their shape and length to form the ribs of a moderately-sized vessel: his natural obscure charms had moreover been brightened by the accidental loss of his front teeth; but withal Mr. Snow was a trump, and, although from his youth spoiled and petted by a kind and indulgent master, he nevertheless retained many sterling qualities, and proved himself a good, faithful, and honest servant. To Mr. Snow was therefore consigned the commissariat department, together with all the interior arrangements of the voyage, which was to extend some thirty or forty miles up the Canal; and he had just announced that everything was ready for a start, when—oh! glorious uncertainty of human affairs!—we received the astounding intelligence that he whom we had reckoned on as being the life and soul of our embryo party, the jovial laughter-loving T—, was prevented by pressing affairs from being able to join us. Evils never come alone in this sublunary world. Scarcely had we recovered from so severe a blow, when a note came from the Medea, saying that a screw had somehow or other got loose.....these confounded steamers are always getting out of order.....and the short and long of it was, that we were also disappointed of the company of our naval friends, who, in the to them novel occupation of harpooning pigs, had promised themselves much fun, and to the rest of the party no little amusement in anticipation. These heavy inflictions falling on us in such quick and rapid succession had nearly annihilated the hog-hunting party in its very cradle; however, like the infant Hercules and the snakes, so did we manfully strive with and overcome every impending difficulty. Snow looked aghast; my companion put down in silence his "gem-adorn'd chibouque," and assumed the face of resignation; whilst I, from amidst a cloud of aromatic vapor which lent its mystic aid to my inspired words, heroically exclaimed, that, although doubtless great and afflicting as was the loss we had sustained, still, so far from deterring us from so noble an undertaking, it should act as an additional stimulus to our exertions; and that the fewer the numbers engaged, the greater would be the glory falling to their share in

bringing off those bloody trophies which we already looked upon as our own! I therefore moved, that, though at present under less auspicious circumstances than before, the expedition should nevertheless take place; and to this my sporting friend Smith willingly acceded. The motion was approved of by Mr. Snow: therefore, mounting our himars*, and jogging along in the wake of that worthy son of Erebus, we soon reached the bank of the Canal and embarked on board our kunjah.

To the quiet easy-going mortal who prefers indolence and ease to the fatigue of active exertions, there cannot be a more delightful plan of travelling than this aquatic mode of conveyance. Surrounded by every comfort in a well-fitted apartment, the traveller reclines, pipe in hand (for nothing is here done without the chibouque), on his luxurious ottoman, whence he can survey all the passing scenery which flits indistinctly before his sleepy half-closed eyes. Should the wind fail or prove adverse, the ready crew leap ashore and track along his floating habitation; which, when favored by a propitious breeze, is propelled rapidly through the smooth waters by the help of a ponderous latine sail, which in my opinion forms the only drawback to this quiet dreamy system of progression. The breeze being often very faint, and moreover in many places interrupted by the high banks, this sail is made of such a disproportioned height and size as frequently to endanger the safety of the boat whenever a stronger puff unexpectedly meets it; and many accidents frequently by this means occur, both on the Mahoumidieh Canal and on the broad surface of the Nile.

It was the last day of August when my above-mentioned friend and myself, braving the terrors of the deep, embarked on this venturesome voyage of sporting discovery. The burning heats of the two last months had nearly prostrated the Plague Demon, and dried up his poisoned breath. Since the latter end of June, his dread influence had gradually decreased, and the swelling waters of the Nile, together with the strong sea-breezes, were now beginning to cool the atmosphere and to render the climate more bearable. Our crew, after towing our boat past the first winding of the Canal, at last brought the wind right abaft, and jumping on board lost no time in hoisting the huge latine sail, under whose shade they now gladly rested from their wearying task. Pipes were lit, the tale went round, and the boat-song gladly cheered us in our quiet progress, Mr. Snow frequently lending his Stentorian lingo to increase the effect of the chorus. We thus merrily glided over the smooth waters, passing constantly the numerous and variously-loaded barges plying like ourselves on the Canal, some carrying troops, others deeply laden with the Pasha's corn; some with vegetables and other produce of the country, with which they were proceeding to the markets of Iskenderia (Alexandria.) Oft light caique-built gondolas would flit like meteors past in the wake of foaming steeds, which, galloping along the banks, dragged them at

* Donkeys, the general mode of conveyance at Alexandria, where numbers of these animals are always standing ready saddled in the streets, with their clamorous attendants, the "donkey boys," in waiting.

this pace through the disturbed and bubbling waters : whilst like a Triton with his sea-shell, standing on the bows and armed with a long speaking trumpet, was always to be seen a man, who in brazen tones warned the "slower coaches" of his approach, in order that they might get out of the way, and avoid the long and well-stretched towing line.

The first part of the voyage lay between an embankment separating us from the wide extent of Lake Mæreotis on the one hand, and on the other the vast tract of salt sandy desert running to Aboukir and Lake Etcho, and on which might be seen in every shape and variety the flitting and illusive forms and colors of the mirage.

We next gradually entered a belt of rich verdure widely extending on each side, on which the eye, long scorched and wearied by the painful glare of burning sands and leafless wastes, now gladly dilated, as it rested on the boundless verdant sea of cultivation which in every direction seemed here to encircle the horizon.

With all these pleasing sights before us, time passed so heedlessly away that we were surprised, on receiving a summons from Mr. Snow, to find that the shades of evening had imperceptibly crept upon us, and that, moreover, dinner awaited our presence in the interior cabin.

On rising from table we found the tranquil beauties of the scene greatly enhanced by a bright moon, and, wrapped up in our boat-cloaks, we took our chibouques on deck, and listening to the boat-song of the old Reis, who, perched up aloft, on the *roof* of our ark, kept steering her on her course, whilst drawling out interminable stanzas, being ever and anon joined in chorus by the listening crew. We thus passed several hours in a most happy state of dreamy existence, and it was near midnight ere we moored at the place of our destination, the small village of Abou-el-Kader, near which was to be the scene of our future operations.

Mehemet Ali is in the habit of farming out portions of his land (containing a certain number of villages) to the several European residents at Alexandria, and that of Abou-el-Kader having been taken on these terms by Mr. Giorgio Adib, the Dragoman to the English Consulate, he had written to his agent residing on the spot to prepare everything for our accommodation ; so that next morning, on rising betimes, we found all "appliances and means to boot" to assist us in our meditated warfare against the bristly race. Beaters were in readiness, some mounted Bedouins in attendance to act as guides, and there was even a steed at the disposal of Mr. Snow.

But ere starting, we *must* give a sketch of as original a party of sportsmen as ever, full of hope and spirits, entered on a bright first of September ; for it was that very day, so sacred in the annals of the *chasse*, which witnessed our "meet" on the banks of the Mahoumidieh Canal.

It may, however, be necessary to premise, as a justification for the little success which attended our subsequent operations, and for the very slight crop of laurels we gathered on the occasion,

that our stud was, to say the best of it, composed of very indifferent nags. Not a single specimen of Arab blood could we muster in the whole party. I was mounted on a large black Dongolo horse (hotee*), showy and full of courage, but failing in those essential points of speed and bottom. Not having any sporting toggery at hand, I contented myself with the garb of innocence—pure virgin white. White jacket and waistcoat, with “prolongators” of the same, composed, with a long, tough, and heavy ashen spear, my unpretending costume†.

My friend Smith, with a red “tarboush” on his head‡, astonished the Natives by the sight of leathers and tops, probably the first of the race doomed to carry away marks of Egypt’s dark and fertile loam.

The Bedouins, whose camp was pitched on the borders of the Barrieh or Desert, headed by the venerable Sheikh Subbrah, although not boasting of superior cattle to ourselves, added greatly to the picturesque effect of the scene, and with their large white turbans and flowing abbas or cloaks, their long-barrelled firelocks, high-seated saddles, and huge shovel-shaped iron stirrups, gave a truly wild and Oriental appearance to our motley group.

But the “pink” of sporting fashion on this momentous occasion, the “beau ideal” of a gay Forest Ranger, was the heroic Snow. He had secured a horse made use of from time immemorial by Mr. Giorgio to go quietly round his estate during his periodical visits at Abou-el-Kader. Ferocity at first sight might have been imagined the principal characteristic of this proud animal, judging from the unmeasured length of tusk with which he was provided, and which would not have disgraced the most venerable leader of the bristly herds on which we were about to wage war. But this impression, if at first sight admitted on such strong grounds, immediately vanished, when ample testimony became manifest of a meek and religious disposition on glancing at his supporters, the knee-caps being considerably worn away and injured by the most persevering and repeated genuflections, evidently proving him to be much-addicted to saying his prayers. Mr. Snow, in all the pride of conscious youth and beauty, a smile of unconcealed delight stretching his open countenance from ear to ear, his ebony face shining in the morning sun, and his white garments fluttering in the breeze, proudly grasped his spear, and vaulted into the high-peaked saddle on the back of this noble Pegasus.

The Plains of Lower Egypt, though at first sight presenting the most level unbroken appearance, occasionally offer obstacles which might puzzle even a well-mounted Leicestershire man, who, though he would in vain search for a single ox-fence, five-barred gate, or bullfinch hedge, might occasionally be brought to a stand-still by a dyke, too broad to clear at a leap, of stagnant water soaking deeply

* A few of these horses come from the interior, and, though far inferior to the Arabs, they are considerably better than the “Fellah” horse.

† To account to the experienced hog-hunter for such an anomaly as a shaft made of ash-wood, it may be necessary to state that I in vain attempted to procure at Alexandria the light though tough Bamboo so generally used for this purpose in India.

‡ The tarboush is synonymous with the red fez, the head-dress in common wear with the Natives.

into a rich, black, and loamy soil, by a continuous range of soft marshy rice-fields, or (more particularly at this season, when the land is in many places overflowed with the swollen waters of the Nile) by that most impassable and most provoking of all "stoppers," a dark, deep, and treacherous bog.

After a short consultation with the Sheikh, we determined to strike inland, and, crossing a part of the Desert Barrieh, reached some extensive fields of dourah or Indian corn. The beaters, however, appeared to hesitate on entering amidst its tall and waving stalks, and Mr. Snow said, that although wild hog frequently harbored there, a "dubbah" had been seen of late, and that they were afraid to meet it by going into "covert."

"And pray," asked I, "what may a dubbah be?"—"One elephant, Sir," said Snow with the greatest assurance. This was, as I conceived, rather too much of a good joke, and I threatened to break my spear-shaft over his shoulders for such a barefaced attempt at humbug; but it appeared he was innocent of any design of the kind, and that what he called an elephant was meant for neither more nor less than an ounce, or panther, or probably only a tiger-cat.

But we were not particular, and had all the sacred cats of Memphis been turned adrift before us, it is probable they would have had to run for their lives. Both Smith and myself agreeing that we might as well blood our spears with one of the feline species as on the unclean beast, we made a most diligent research through the dourah, but without avail.

The beaters next took us a few miles further to a large tract of rice fields on the borders of the Barrieh, where they assured us we might make certain of a find; and having already lost a considerable time with the "dubbah," we proceeded to business without delay, and soon discovered ourselves amidst the most serious obstacles to our forward progress, a rich well-irrigated land, thickly intersected with wet muddy ditches, the difficulty of crossing which was greatly increased by the soft nature of their banks. After getting over several of these impediments without accident, we at last came to one broader and deeper than the rest. Our Bedouins did not look comfortable; a slight dash of lily flitted like a moonbeam over Snow's radiant countenance; and if the truth *must* be told, I did not myself half like the appearance of the dark engulfing waters of the gaping "Avernus" before us.

But Smith was a bold fellow. Taking his horse back a few yards, and trying to get him into something resembling a canter over the soft and sinking soil, "Here goes!" cried he, as he screwed him up to the brink, giving him at the same time his head, and dashing both rowels into his heaving flanks, and he *did* go.....but it was head foremost into the dark pool beneath.

The horse, as I had easily foreseen, from want of sufficient impetus, leaped short, and after floundering for some time in the drain, succeeded in scrambling up the opposite bank without further mischief than effecting a sad alteration in the appearance of both "tops" and "leathers."

We all laughed heartily. Smith himself enjoyed the joke as much as the rest, and Mr. Snow was in raptures. "You d—d black rascal!" exclaimed Smith, "I'll pay you off for this. Pray, Colonel, send the fellow over to this side of the water," he added, addressing himself to me. I took the hint, and to Mr. Snow's dismay, placing myself in rear of his Rosinante, I began to belabor both man and horse with the but end of the spear. Snow, in the attitude of despair, was earnestly expostulating on what he no doubt considered the brink of destruction, when, determined to try sharper means of persuasion, I gently inserted a few lines of my spearhead into the nether part of his till now passive and unwilling steed. This unexpected dose had such an effect, that the animal, making a sudden bound, would have cleared the ditch in splendid style, had not the rider, as he was in the act of lodging on the opposite bank, suddenly checked him by a pull on the severe Mameluke bit, which instantly drew him backwards, and next instant the dark muddy waters sullenly closed over both man and horse, poor Snow being undermost of the two at the moment of their mysterious disappearance!

However, ere we had time to dismount and go to his assistance, like a huge black grampus, puffing, blowing, and spitting the thick pea-soup-like liquid out of his wide mouth, his ugly face appeared above a surface almost as dark as himself. He had managed to disengage himself from the high Moorish saddle and trappings, scrambled out in a most woful plight, and he succeeded, after some trouble, in also dragging up the bank his snorting and floundering steed. The old Sheikh, who did not apparently like this sort of fun, had very sagely sought a more practicable spot to cross over: and deeming prudence in this instance the better part of valor, I followed his example, and soon joined my companions, not a little proud of the still unblemished state of my garments; but *my* turn was soon to come. After traversing rice-fields and approaching the Barrieh, we began to despair of a find, when the suddenly-increased clamor and motions of the beaters announced something to be on foot, and presently above the waving rice, like the dark forms of the monsters of the deep seen at intervals over the ripples of a summer sea, the well-known outline of an old acquaintance was at first dimly viewed, and then, as the rustling herbage opened on its passage, and occasionally showed a portion of the black moving mass above even its highest waving tops, no doubt remained on my mind of its being a boar, and one of the first magnitude; but I proved mistaken in the former, though correct in the latter conjecture.

Pistol-shots were discharged by our beaters, the shouts increased, and to the cries of *El Halouf! El Halouf!* (the wild boar! the wild boar!) all our myrmidons, now joined by numbers of Fellahs from the adjoining fields, pressed on rapidly in pursuit, when suddenly they were all brought to a stand-still, and showed evident symptoms of trepidation and dismay.

The "*halouf*," pursued through the cultivation to the borders of the Barrieh, now showed no disposition to take to the open coun-

try, which in a most inviting manner stretched for a couple of miles before him; but, turning fiercely round, stood resolutely at bay, and appeared to bid defiance to the surrounding host, not one of whom dared to approach him, whilst the horsemen stood on the outside of the rice-fields encouraging the beaters to drive him out of covert, and prepared to blood their glittering arms as soon as he should step on *terra firma*.

His appearance was, however, too formidable for the nerves of the timid Fellahs, and we remained some time thus in suspense, till at last, seeing an Arab coming across the fields with a long rusty firelock, and fearing some mischief might be done which would have spoiled our anticipated gallop, I ordered up the cavalry, which, making a circuit, entered the rice-fields and advanced in front of the now encouraged and re-assured beaters.

Piggy, probably thinking we were coming it "too strong," with a most musical grunt now burst through the tall herbage, and instantly was bounding over the wide level plain, which for the distance of a couple of miles continued unbroken, until where a line of tall water-canes appeared to cross its wide surface, and to this point our friend directed his or rather her course, for it turned out to be an enormous sow arrived at her full growth, but whose speed and vigor were noways abated by that corpulency which both in man and beast is apt to stamp its weight on the years of maturity.

This gentle specimen of the bristly race, though far from possessing the beauty or grace of the gazelle or antelope, appeared almost to rival them in speed, and though our horses were all doing their best, and well assisted with the "Brummagems" and sharp edges of the shovel-shaped iron stirrups of our Eastern friends*, still she kept well ahead of us, and we gained on her little or nothing for the first mile, which was over hard ground, but deeply indented with sun-cracks and chasms, over which we thundered along, luckily without accident or mishap.

From having had a better start than my companions, and perhaps a better horse, I had taken the lead, and maintained it, keeping the old Dongola at his very best speed. After a sharp burst of nearly a mile at this pace, I rapidly began to close with the chase, could hear the sobs of the interesting and distressed lady, and even distinctly see the white foam churning down from her wide opened and steaming chaps. We had now gained about half the distance between the rice-fields and the tall canes above-mentioned, and which I concluded must border the bank of a canal. It was therefore of importance to bring the business to a close ere that point should be attained, and I stretched every nerve to effect this object. I was now close astern of the monster—the spurs were in my horse's flanks—my spear in rest—and a second more would have safely lodged its glittering point behind the high and bristly shoulder-blades; when the beast making a sudden turn at right angles, I was thrown out: however, my ally Smith was at hand: he made a dash, which sent her back in the original course,

* The edge of the stirrup acts on the horse's side as a spur, and a very severe one, inflicting often deep and severe gashes.

and I was soon again close at her heels, well raised in the stirrups, and straining forward to give the death-thrust. At this critical moment she floundered through a deep belt of black marshy ground, which in our rapid course we had come on unawares.

There was no time to pull up, and my horse, from the top of his speed, was instantaneously transferred to the top of his head, which was firmly planted in the bog, making at the same time a somersault, which luckily sent me clear of his over-rolling weight, and lodged me without injury or fracture in the midst of a pool of fine fat and unctuous black mud.

Some seconds elapsed ere I could release both myself and horse from this extremely unpleasant situation. Smith in the meantime gruelled on; but the ground had now so completely assumed a marshy character as to render the odds of the race greatly in favor of our antagonist, who succeeded in gaining the "caney" covert above alluded to, and which, on reaching, we found to border a broad and deep canal.

As we were pretty close up when madame sow gained this shelter, and as we saw no traces of her swimming across the canal, we naturally concluded she was somewhere hid along its sedgy bank, and accordingly with Snow and the Bedouin Sheikh, who had by this time come up, we commenced a diligent search, which proving ineffectual, we determined on swimming the canal, in hopes of hitting her trail on the opposite side of the water.

Our Leander-like exploit produced, however, no other result than giving us a partial cleansing; and after a long and fruitless research, we gave it up as a bad job, regained the bank of the Mahoumidieh, near the village of El Birket, and at last regained our kunjah after a severe day's work for both men and horses.

We continued for a couple of days longer at Abou-el-Kader, during which time we had several good runs, much resembling the one just described; but not securing any heads or tusks, we will not try the Reader's patience by a further description of our failures. Suffice it to say, this excursion proved that little better nags and at a rather earlier season of the year—before the country is quite so much under water—capital hog-hunting may be had within twenty miles of Alexandria, to obtain which the sportsman has to go no farther than the villages of Abou-el-Kader or El Birket.

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TRAINING FOR ATHLETIC EXERCISES.

THE superintendence of those who are about to go through a course of training, for the purpose of invigorating the frame, so as to render it capable of supporting and sustaining an unusual degree of fatigue, and of making efforts to which, in its usual state, it would be found unequal, is generally intrusted to men who are

totally ignorant of the animal economy ; and whose sole knowledge consists in an acquaintance with the process to which they have themselves been subjected, at some period, and which they deem applicable to every constitution. The object of the following remarks is to give a few rules for the attainment of the highest state of physical power, and to point out, at the same time, those cases which require, during the period of training, certain precautions dependant upon their natural or acquired state. It is not, however, the object of the writer to investigate all those diseases which militate against the development of considerable muscular power, as such a scrutiny would necessarily be, to a vast majority of readers, both tedious and uninteresting—but rather to point out the means by which a tolerably healthy man may invigorate his constitution generally, and materially increase his physical strength—an object which, whether to be attained for the purpose of promoting the natural functions of the body, with the sole view to enjoy the sweets of robust health, or of performing feats by which money, and a certain degree of fame, are to be obtained, is equally desirable.

From the irregular life which most men lead up to that period when certain monitory symptoms of decaying powers impress themselves so forcibly upon the observation, that they may not pass unheeded, it usually happens, that the greater number of those who go into training—more particularly if inhabitants of large towns—have acquired habits of indolence and debauchery of many kinds, which have both vitiated the natural and healthy secretions of the different organs of the body, and have likewise tended to debilitate the muscular fibre, and so increase the deposition of fat in various parts of the frame. To remedy this improper state, the great requisites to the man who is not laboring under any active form of disease, are, pure air, exercise proportioned to his strength, medicine, and diet.

The greater number of my readers may probably be unaware of the mode by which the atmospheric air, operating upon the blood in its passage through the lungs, produces in it that material change by which animal life is in a great degree supported ; but as an explanation of this fact would, perhaps unnecessarily, lengthen this paper, suffice it to say, that the advantages of breathing a pure air are so generally appreciated, if not understood, that it is needless to dwell much upon a subject upon which there cannot be a diversity of opinion. There are two points, however, connected with this portion of our treatise, to which it may be necessary to direct attention. The first is that, although the constituent parts and proportions of atmospheric air are found to be everywhere the same, their influence upon the human frame seems to be considerably modified by soil and situation. A wet marshy country is certainly not nearly so healthy as a dry soil, at a moderate elevation. The exhilaration of spirits, and the freedom of respiration that are experienced in the latter, are far greater than in the former situation ; although here and there the reverse may be found to be the case in peculiar constitutions, particularly if afflicted with asthma, or

some other form of pulmonary disease. The second point is, that it is not sufficient that pure air be only breathed when at exercise abroad, it should likewise be respired within doors as much as possible ; and thus, confined rooms, a bedroom without a chimney, or a house surrounded by, or in the immediate neighborhood of, stagnant water, should be avoided as a residence.

Having thus summarily treated the all-important items of air and situation, we shall proceed to deal similarly with the topic of medicine : because, unless a man be perfect master of that branch of knowledge, he should never attempt to make use of any but the simplest medicaments, but avail himself at once of the assistance of some surgeon of eminence, upon whose skill he can rely, and in whose knowledge of his constitution he can place confidence. The only medicines, therefore, which a trainer should venture to meddle with, are such as will gently assist the removal of too great a quantity of adipose matter ; and the principal of these are such as operate upon the bowels and the skin. Before a person, unaccustomed to fatigue, becomes capable of enduring so much exertion as will make him perspire freely (supposing him to be too fat), it may be as well to subject him to the influence of such medicines as will produce this effect in a moderate degree, and they may at the same time be safely and efficaciously combined with mild purgatives. For this purpose let him take, for three nights consecutively, from eight to ten grains of compound rhubarb pill, with two of blue pill, and two of powdered ipecacuanha, and let the dose be repeated if necessary. These medicines are mild in their operation, and the doses ordered cannot do harm, even in ignorant hands.

When more active purgatives are required, as in the case of men, for instance, of a very plethoric habit, or who are subject to determination of blood to the head, saline aperients, as the sulphates of potash or soda, or Epsom salts, may occasionally be used ; but these medicines, in full doses, and many others, as castor-oil, jalap, and scammony, whose principal operation is confined to the mucous membrane lining the bowels, are by no means to be frequently repeated, as their effects are too debilitating, and they are too often productive of serious mischief, to be safe remedies in the hands of the uninitiated in the mysteries of medical science.

It is generally considered by ignorant persons, that the chief requisite for making a man strong and muscular is to give him plenty of food of the most nutritious kind ; these people never stopping to consider for a moment, and, indeed, being incapable of judging, whether the stomach is capable of digesting the aliment it is made to receive. Thus, a man taken out of London for the purpose of being trained for some match, and whose excesses, of various kinds, have materially disordered the natural powers of the stomach and bowels, is made, all at once, to swallow daily a large portion of barely-cooked animal food, which, the enfeebled state of the stomach rendering it incapable of digesting, becomes in a short time decomposed, and gives rise to great flatulence, uneasiness, and distension, accompanied by an extremely acid secretion

from the stomach, which occasionally rises into the mouth, and by a general feeling of languor and weariness. The action of the heart is, in these instances, frequently deranged; now it beats slowly and feebly, with, perhaps, an occasional intermission, and on any trifling exertion being used, palpitates and flutters, producing what the common people familiarly term "a sinking at the stomach." The undigested food passing into the bowels becomes, to them, a fruitful source of irritation; diarrhœa and costiveness succeed each other by turns: food is still crammed in; and the end of this repletion, so far from being an accession of strength, is an absolute attack of illness, or, at the least, such a degree of debility as cannot fail to point out the impropriety of the trainer's system.

In all such cases, the motto of the trainer should be *festina lente*. If he cannot have the advice of a good surgeon, let him, at least, be guided by the feelings of the man placed under his care; and when the above symptoms are manifest, let the mildest species of food be given, in small quantities, until good air, moderate exercise, and regular hours, shall so far have improved the tone of the stomach, as to make it feel a craving for a heartier species of aliment. Even when this feeling has been produced, the old adage, "fair and softly go far in a day," must still be borne in mind; for at this period one ample meal may undo at once the care and attention bestowed for a considerable time. When no very extraordinary symptoms of great irritation of the stomach are apparent, as much flatulence, nausea, or vomiting, &c., some tonic medicine may be given, for a time, with great propriety, and generally with considerable benefit. All these medicines, however, being so many stimulants to the stomach, must be used carefully, and of a strength proportioned to the state of that organ. About half an ounce of quassia chips, infused in a quart of boiling water, and taken to the extent of a wine glassfull three times a day—an hour before each meal—is a light and pleasing tonic, and rarely disagrees with the stomach, especially when care has been previously taken to empty the bowels, a precaution which should never be omitted prior to the exhibition of these medicines. As the tenor of the stomach improves, thirty or forty drops of dilute sulphuric acid, and two teaspoonsful of syrup of ginger may be added to each dose of the infusion of quassia. Regimen, regular hours of exercise, feeding, and repose, with or without the above simple medicaments, as the case may require, and limiting the quantity and quality of the food according to the state of the stomach and bowels, will, in a very short time, put the frame of any man, providing he have no absolute disease, into a state fit for the performance of those active exertions which are necessary to develop his muscular powers; but without proper attention, in the first instance, to the state of the digestive organs, nourishing diet of every description will not only be thrown away, but is absolutely hurtful, and productive of the very opposite results to those intended to be produced.

What has been written on the article of solid food is equally applicable to fluids. No drink of a stimulating nature should be allowed, so long as the stomach is weak and irritable; and even

after it has been restored to a strong and healthy state, the more direct stimulents, as wine and spirits, are to be carefully avoided, in any large quantity. It may happen that the constitution of a man subject to very severe exercise may require a little of these liquids for the purpose of keeping up his stamina, and there may exist no very cogent reason for denying him a couple of glasses of old wine, or as many table-spoonsful of old Cognac brandy, in a tumbler of cold water, with his dinner; but, generally speaking, they may be omitted without detriment, although they are, probably, in many cases, preferable to the large draughts of beer which many men are in the habit of swallowing, and which, in the end, make them pursy and thick-winded. Whatever beer is allowed should be old, free from acidity, and not particularly strong. Hot fluids, except when given for the purpose of inducing perspiration, are generally productive of mischief. Very hot tea or coffee will, if taken for any great length of time, eventually weaken the powers of the stomach, which is the mainspring of strength, and should therefore be excluded from the diet of a person in training, although, taken in moderation, and of a moderate degree of warmth, they possibly promote digestion.

When plenty of time is allowed to get a man into proper health by careful training, and where he is not compelled by agreement to reduce himself to a certain weight, it is totally unnecessary and extremely injudicious to subject him, as most trainers do, to repeated and violent fits of perspiration, by first making him walk or run a considerable distance, enveloped in sundry coats and flannel jackets, and then placing him between two feather-beds, and giving him a large quantity of some hot and stimulating fluid, as ale, cider, or white-wine whey, containing spices, or other aromatic substances. Such extreme measures, tending, as they do, in most cases, to give a certain shock to nature, are only admissible where but a short time is allowed for training, and much corpulence is to be speedily reduced, and cannot even then be serviceable if carried to any severe extent, as the advantage gained in the first instance by the reduction of fat is probably balanced by the weakening process adopted for its diminution. Jockies who are occasionally compelled to sweat off several pounds in the course of a few days for the purpose of riding a certain weight, are sometimes so reduced in strength, as scarcely to be barely capable of going through the exertion of riding a two-mile race, especially if the pace be good, and the horse pull pretty strong. Thus it is no very uncommon thing to see these men take the lead, when their orders are to ride a waiting race, and towards the end of the course to be more beaten than the animal they ride. This, however, is not their fault, but their misfortune, as no person can possibly be subjected to such treatment as will reduce his weight twelve or more pounds in a few days, by means of violent perspirations, and the action of drastic purgatives, without materially diminishing, at the same time, the power of the body, and, perhaps, the vigor of the constitution; and jockies are, therefore, frequently an instance of the impropriety of this severe discipline. To a moderate extent, this

plan of treatment is, nevertheless, applicable to those men who are of a gross habit of body, or whose constitution betrays manifest disposition to an accumulation of fat.

Independent of exercise, which shall presently be noticed, there are two points most necessary to be attended to in training a man for any severe trial of strength, and these are—the observance of early hours and regular habits. The trainer should, in the summer, make his disciple rise, at the latest, about five in the morning; and in the winter, soon after it is light. After getting out of bed, as soon as the body has had time to cool in a slight degree, he should step into a large pan, by the side of which should be placed a pail of cold water and a large sponge, and having performed his ablutions from head to foot, without being so long about them as to feel a sensation of chilliness, the body and limbs should be well rubbed, first with a coarse towel, and afterwards with a flesh brush. This is better than bathing, which in many, indeed in most constitutions, is apt to induce a subsequent feeling of lassitude, particularly if the bath be indulged in for more than a minute or two. Being dressed, with a flannel or merino waistcoat next the skin, both for the purpose of absorbing perspiration and keeping up an equable heat on the surface of the body, he should immediately go into the open air, if the weather be fine, and take a brisk walk before breakfast, due care being taken, however, to proportion it to his strength, and never to make it so long as to produce fatigue. During the walk, an occasional run may be indulged in, up hill if possible, that the lungs may receive their quantum of exercise, and be rendered capable of seconding the efforts of the body, for, to a great extent, wind is strength. A man who, on first going into training, cannot run fifty yards at the top of his speed, not because he feels fatigued, but because his lungs are unaccustomed to exertion, and the unusual efforts required of them produce a corresponding increased action of the heart, which is unable to rid itself with sufficient quickness and energy of the blood which circulates through it, will very soon, by active and regular exercise, so improve the tone and condition of these organs, as to be able to run for a considerable distance, and at length only be obliged to stop from a want of power in his legs, rather than from want of wind. The heart is a muscular body of great strength, whose exertions are not elicited in any very active exercises in nearly so great a degree as are those of the muscles by whose more immediate agency any feat of strength is performed, and the acts of inspiration and expiration are likewise effected by the means of those muscles which alternately expand and diminish the capacity of the chest.

On returning from his walk at about seven o'clock, provided he be not fatigued, which should not be the case, he may have his breakfast, after having changed his flannel waistcoat and linen, and undergone the ceremony of a good rubbing with a dry cloth. The breakfast should at first consist of such light articles of food as will not overload the stomach if it be in any degree irritable (of which state the symptoms have been detailed) and may subse-

quently be made principally off dry, stale bread, and broiled meat, according as the digestive organs appear, from their craving, to desire a hearty and nourishing description of food. A moderate quantity of tea or coffee, whichever appears to agree best with the stomach, and neither too hot nor too strong, may be allowed at this meal; both are preferable to the beer which some trainers are in the habit of giving. After breakfast, as after every other meal, a certain degree of repose and quiet is necessary, in order that the digestive organs may not be disturbed in the exercise of their all-important functions. And here it may be as well to remark, that no greater quantity of food should ever be allowed at any meal than will produce a commencement of that feeling of satisfaction which, if carried beyond this point, subsequently becomes one of repletion and distress. The man who goes on eating and drinking until nature cries "enough!" will, ten minutes after, discover that his stomach has a labor, instead of a pleasing duty to perform: and, moreover, his readiness for exertion will by no means return so speedily as after having partaken of a moderate, though not a scanty meal.

As soon after breakfast as is compatible with a feeling of comfort, active exercises, according to the strength of the body, are again to be resorted to. Among the best of these are gymnastics, quoits, fencing, boxing with gloves, rowing, putting the stone, hockey, cricket, &c. &c., varying each of these by turns, so as to produce a feeling of amusement, while activity of body is increased. As often as may be, the person in training should take up a pair of dumb bells, and exercise his arms in every direction. This work not only increases the vigor of the muscles of the arm, but likewise those of the chest and abdomen, and brings the lungs into considerable play. It should, therefore, be resorted to many times during the day, and the weight of the dumb bells should be increased, as condition and strength improve. A crust of stale bread and butter, or a very well baked biscuit, may be taken about eleven o'clock for lunch, with a glass of sherry, after which a second walk, combined with an occasional run, should be taken before dinner, the exercise being gradually increased both in pace and distance, as the bodily powers advance more and more towards the maximum of strength.

The dinner, about two o'clock, should principally consist, if the stomach be in a healthy state, of broiled meat, not too much done, stale bread, and very little vegetables. No green food of any description, whether cabbage, cauliflower, peas, or other esculent of a like nature, should ever be allowed. All these articles of diet are liable to produce flatulence and disturbance of the stomach, and should, therefore, be strictly prohibited—a dry mealy potato being the only vegetable permitted to be eaten, and that not in great quantity. At dinner, a moderate quantity of sound, mild, old beer, or some weak and cold brandy and water, whichever agrees best with the stomach, may be taken. Some men will do very well with water alone; but if beer, or any other stimulant, be allowed, it should certainly be neither too strong, nor given in

great quantity. As this is the principal meal in the day, a couple of hours should be allowed for repose after it: not, however, in the recumbent posture, where it can be avoided; for the man who dozes by day, both muddles his head, and sleeps ill at night. Moderation, in point of quantity, having been observed at dinner, active exercise may be resumed about four o'clock; and cricket, and other active and amusing games, which lead to exertion, without its appearing to be a duty, should be freely intermingled with those exercises more necessary to ensure success in that object for which training is endured.

A light supper may be taken about seven o'clock, and to bed at nine, which will allow of eight hours for sleep, in the summer, a period quite long enough for any man in health, and who wishes to remain so. In winter, the hours of food, exercise, and repose, must be so altered as to allow a similar portion of time dedicated to each.

When the weather is so bad that exercise out of doors cannot be taken, sparring, fencing, the dumb bells, &c., must be freely resorted to; and when neither in-door nor out-door exercise can be indulged in, it is a good plan, during the hours of relaxation, to employ the person in training in some mechanical pursuit; as, for instance, carpenters' work, of which most men are fond, and which, as well as occasioning some little demand upon the bodily strength, affords, in some degree, a pleasing employment for the mind.

This point of affording occupation to the mental as well as bodily powers is one of very considerable importance, although unattended to by the majority of trainers, who do not understand the nature of the connection between nervous energy and muscular power. Without the influence of the nerves, however, the muscles would be totally inert, and incapable of motion. Look at the paralytic man, who drags his leg after him, an incumbrance instead of a help to locomotion! Is the seat of the disease, however, in the affected leg, or are the muscles in fault? Surely not; the origin of his lameness is probably in the head, where the principal nerve supplying his leg has its origin; and this, being in a state of disease, betrays its condition by its effects upon the muscles. Thus it must be manifest that a healthy state of the whole nervous system is absolutely necessary to the perfect development of muscular energy. Few people, however, either understand, or stop to consider that this intimate bond of union between nervous and muscular power is to be otherwise kept up, than by the constant exercise of those parts from which the more immediate efforts of strength are required.

During the hours of active exercise, a pleasing companion is an admirable adjunct to labor, and no less desirable at those periods than during the time dedicated to relaxation of the frame. Where a man is deprived, occasionally, of the company of those in whose society he takes pleasure, and feels himself at home, few substitutes will be found so agreeable as the companionship of dogs. There are not many men who do not experience a pleasurable sensation in being accompanied in their excursions by

some of these "friends of the human race," and their gambols and sporting qualifications lead to many an enlivening run, which would otherwise be omitted, or give rise to a feeling of interest which, without them, would be wanting.

It should always be remembered, that the man whose stamina and condition have, by a successful plan of training, been rendered as perfect as possible, is liable, from any of the usual causes, to attacks of illness of an inflammatory character. In him are not perceived the slow, insidious approaches of lingering disease—the general ill-health and smothered symptoms of disease manifested by the mechanic, or ill-fed laboring man; on the contrary, if attacked by any malady, it will generally be of a grave character, and marked by the usual symptoms of great fever, and considerable inflammation. Thus, a predisposition to pulmonary or abdominal complaints, which, under other circumstances, would have assumed, probably, a chronic character, hurried, in the man who has been brought to a state of considerable vigor, into obstinate inflammation of the lungs or bowels. The man, too, who is subject to attacks of rheumatism, which have usually been confined to mere aching pains, finds that he is now to have that malady ushered in by great febrile excitement, and racking tortures. For the cure of all inflammatory diseases, depletion must be carried to an extent that will at once do away with all the benefits of a long system of judicious training; and therefore is it that, during this process, extreme care should be taken to avoid all those causes which are known to be excitants to indisposition or disease—wet clothes, draughts of cold air, suddenly-checked perspiration, drinking cold fluids while the body is heated, and many other familiar causes of disease, are to be carefully shunned, as exposing a man, when almost in the arms of victory, to shame and defeat.

It is almost unnecessary to add, that, while in training, a man should constantly be weighed, in order to see whether he gains or loses flesh under the system pursued; and that the necessary measures may be adopted for bringing him to that weight which he may be bound, by his agreement, not to extend. When the performance of a match on horseback is the object for which a person goes into training, of course a considerable portion of his exercise should consist of riding; all other means of increasing the bodily powers, and the health of the frame generally, being likewise studiously attended to.

The foregoing advice, even if followed with somewhat less strictness than is absolutely necessary to enable a man to perform any extraordinary feats of strength, will, nevertheless, be found materially to benefit the worst constitutions; but he who wishes to subject himself to an invigorating course of life, probably totally different from that he has been in the habit of leading for years, should never trust to his own resolution to avoid what, though agreeable, may be unfitted for him, and to do and partake of only such things as will tend to improve his manly plight; but should, if possible, place himself under the guidance of some Mentor, whose fiat should be as absolute as that of Sancho Panza's physician, in the Isle of Barataria.

CHIRON.

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Great preparations were making for the forthcoming Doncaster Races which were to commence on Monday, 11th Sept. A Doncaster paper states that "Nothing which can possibly contribute to the security, comfort, and gratification of the visitors, or to enhance the splendor of the scene, is disregarded by the public authorities, both within the precincts of the town and upon the ground itself. The stone work which ornaments the Grand Stand has been refaced, an improvement which gives to the building a new and more imposing appearance. The entrance to the jockies' room, beneath the Steward's Stand, and the position of the weighing scales, have been removed from the western to the eastern side of the edifice, in order that, from the Grand Stand and the Noblemen's Stand, an uninterrupted view of the process of weighing, &c., may be afforded. The course is in the most beautiful condition, indeed we never saw it in a better state for the purpose of running. All the roads, too, approaching to the ground, are in the most perfect state of repair. The police force, under the superintendence of Etches, with the assistance of Leadbitter, from Bow street, will be efficient, and ensure protection both day and night. Nor, on the part of the innkeepers and those inhabitants who appropriate a portion of their dwellings for the reception of visitors, is there any lack of preparation in providing accommodations. Several lodgings are already engaged. The seats of many gentlemen in the neighborhood, extending as far as Methley, will, we understand, be thronged with company. The several watering places, too, are now crowded with strangers; and many of these will be induced to extend their visit to Doncaster, to witness the decision of the events which will form the main attractions of the week.

The following is the latest state of the odds on the St. Leger, as quoted in Bell's Life of 3d Sept. :—

Cotherstone	100 to 55 on (tk)	-----
Prizefighter	12 to 1 agst	10 to 1 agst (tk)
Nutwith	13 to 1	12 to 1 (tk)
Lucetta colt	14 to 1 (tk)	14 to 1
Murat	20 to 1 (tk)	-----
Dumpling	-----	30 to 1 (tk)

This great race was to come off on the 12th, and "what is to win?" is in every one's mouth. Since the year 1800 (Champion's year), the St. Leger has not been carried off by the winner of the Derby, yet the odds are nearly 2 to 1 on Cotherstone against a field of above One Hundred and Twenty horses! It is already settled in the minds of many that COTHERSTONE is "sure" to win, and he who thinks otherwise, from the astonishing performances of the horse, fears to back his opinion. His great feats certainly warrant the confidence reposed in him by his backers, and fully must we respond that Cotherstone must win, *if*—hang those *ifs* and *buts*. Great are the chapters of accident, and greater still the fatality that seems to deny a second achievement of the 1800 victory for the two events. What horse stood a better chance than Attila, last year for fulfilling the hopes of his backers? But he went to Goodwood, got beat, and Blue Bonnet snatched away the prize. Coronation, too, were his chances small? No. But he was kept a greater distance from the course than was really necessary, even to the day of the race; he had never been in a van in his life, and the excitement occasioned by forcing him in lost his owners the St. Leger, being beaten, after a quick run race, by half a neck. Bloomsbury, Plenipotentiary, Priam, and many other *dead* certainties, have shared the same fate. But are these, say our readers, likely to happen again? No, they can be provided against. The greatest care and pains have been taken with the horse, who is, it is generally admitted, of beautiful temper and strong constitution. All his performances of the present year have been won with the greatest ease, without having been even once extended. He

has beaten and got the measure of almost everything against which he will have to contend, therefore, what but accident can lose him the race? Success attend him!

The editor of the Sunday Times gives the following list of horses likely to start:—

Cotherstone, by Touchstone, out of Mundig's and Trustee's dam, Mr. Bowes's.

—Since winning the Derby he has appeared once in public, at Goodwood, where he beat Khorassan, Mary, and Gaper.

Prize fighter, by Gladiator, out of Barbara, Lord Chesterfield's—Has appeared twice in public, winning a plate at Chester in two heats, and the Great Yorkshire Stakes, which has brought him into notice.

Dumpling, by Muley Moloch, out of Easter, Major Yarbrough's—Has not run since the Derby.

Napier, by Gladiator, out of Marion, Col. Anson's—Like Cotherstone, he has been successful in all his engagements this season; although at Goodwood he ran a dead heat with Cornopean, his jockey drawing it too fine, whom he afterwards beat easy. It is more than probable that he will not run for the St. Leger, but be saved for his other engagements at Doncaster.

Mania, by Muley Moloch, out of Bessy Bedlam, Mr. Payne's—Ran a dead heat, and afterwards divided the stakes with Parthian, for the Drawing Room Stakes at Goodwood. She also won the Nassau Stakes at the same meeting, beating four others.

Nutwith, by Tomboy, out of Hackfall's dam, Mr. Wrather's—Ran second to Prizefighter for the Great Yorkshire Stakes, which he lost by a neck.

Colt by Beiram, or Sultan, out of Lucetta, Lord Exeter's—Has never yet appeared in public.

Murat, by Slane, out of Hester, Col. Peel's.—Did not start for the Derby, but won twice at Ascot, beating Gaper, New Brighton, and Portumnus; afterwards Elysium and Highlander.

Aristides, by Bay Middleton, out of Rectitude, Lord Eglinton's—This is a brute "who can run but wont," although a frequent starter since the Derby, his temper has never allowed him to be successful.

Winesour, by Velocipede, out of Thirsk's dam, Mr. Bell's—Was beaten by Parthian at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

General Pollock, by Velocipede, out of Birdlime, Mr. Mostyn's—Since the Derby has started three times; twice at Goodwood, where he was beaten—and at Liverpool, where he beat a filly by Touchstone, out of Maid of Honor, and Messalina.

Trueboy, by Tomboy, out of Muleteer's dam—Mr. Cooke's. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne, beat Blackdrop, Silkworm filly, colt by Muley Moloch, dam by Waverley, What, and Judex. At Liverpool, beat by Semiseria, and ran second to Napier.

eggy, by Muley Moloch, out of Fanny, Col. Cradock's—Has started once this year at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, for the Queen's Hundred. She was beaten by Alice Hawthorn. Five started.

Gorhambury (Irish), by Verulam, out of Fire, Mr. Holmes's—Ran second to Mr. Watt's Philip at the Curragh.

Filly by Silkworm, out of Garland's dam, Sir C. Monck's—Beaten by Trueboy and Blackdrop, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Six started.

Jamal, by Jerry, out of Corumba, Mr. Coleman's. Not run this season.

Chotornian, *Cornophan*, the *Languish Colt*, and two or three others might be selected who may be starters, but no degree of certainty can be attached to the fact.

Out of the above lot it will be perceived there is but one "dark horse," viz., the Lucetta colt, and he a doubtful starter, owing to the difficulty of getting him into condition. Out of such a lot, what is to beat Cotherstone but accident?—but at the same time we advise our readers not to lose sight of Mania; "she will take a good deal of beating for second place if Cotherstone wins." Nutwith, it is reported, was not up to the mark at York, being short of work; neither we hear was he too well ridden.

In the summary below items not credited to other journals are quoted from our gifted contemporary "Bell's Life in London." [We regret having to ap-

prise "Vates" of the "Era," that the receipt of his excellent paper is frequently interrupted; one number only (instead of three) reached us by the "Caledonia."]

A match for 200 sovs., gentlemen riders, two miles, came off on Monday, between Mr. Brooke's bay filly (h-b), 3 yrs. 8st. 8lb. (the Hon. Stuart Erskine), and Mr. Dixon's gr. m. Deception, aged, 9st (Mr. Sadler). 5 to 2 on Deception, who took the lead, and was never headed till on the post, when the filly made a rush, and won after a splendid race by half a head. The *knowing ones* dropped their cash, as the old one was booked safe to win; both nags were most *professionally handled*. Mr Erskine is the lightest *real gent* jockey in England, as he can ride under 8st. 6lb. [Our correspondent who signs himself C B. should have stated *where* the match was run; it reads something like a hoax]

To the Editor of Bell's Life in London: Sir,—A race took place at Egham on Tuesday, of entirely a new character, it was heats, a mile, for all ages weights according, two year olds, "a feather;" and for it started five, among which was Lord George Bentinck's Idleness, a two year old, conducted by a new jockey, Young Kitchener, who made his *debut* with success at the late Goodwood Races (his weight is, I believe under 50lbs). In taking her canter before the race the filly swerved against the cords, fell, and took her leave of her rider; she was caught, and "without fear or trembling" Kitchener again occupied "the hogskin," started, and came in first for the heat. It is said "give a dog a bad name and hang him," and which trite adage Kitchener no doubt concluded, embraced the equestrian as well as the canine race, and so after performing the feat of activity by winning the heat, he with all his might flogged Idleness for twenty yards, I presume for the sake of her name. This she resented by again swerving on the cords, and falling on her side, in which attitude she slid some yards, but Kitchener still cleverly kept his ascendant position, and straddled her ribs instead of her back. Before the ceremony of weighing was gone through, which of course was not required of "the feather," Mr Isaac Day, the trainer of Chilson (placed second), told Lord George that an objection ought to be made to his filly, on the ground that she had in the last struggle crossed Norna, Creina, and Chilson; and the reply of Lord George Bentinck was, "I agree with you, Mr. Day, if my jockey was aught but a child;" and with this plea, Mr. Day, it appears, was satisfied, as was Mr. Goodman, if he ever harbored a thought of objecting to a filly of Lord George's. Nothing further was urged to her disqualification, and she started again, and won the stakes. Now, sir, the cross was obvious to every one at the Stewards' Stand, I therefore contend that neither love nor fear should have prevented the owners or trainers of the two horses named from making a formal objection to Idleness, when if Lord Rosslyn had agreed with Lord George Bentinck, that this was the exception to the admitted axiom, "that the employer is accountable for his agent," the public would have been better satisfied; but it should have been urged against such a conclusion, that if Lord George Bentinck took the advantage of such "a fly" for his jockey, it was unreasonable to grant him also that of irresponsibility. I have thought fit to express my sentiments on the above affair, not solely because I think it was not right, but because Lord George Bentinck, to whom the sporting community are much indebted for his rules and regulations, and who has hitherto been so uncompromising a stickler to them, and all others, played so prominent a part in it.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

RUNNYMEDE.

N.B.—This omission to enforce the law of the Jockey Club respecting crossing, cost me twenty-seven pounds, and many others much more. My quotation of Lord George Bentinck's remark, I had from Mr. Isaac Day. [We give this letter as we have received it, the writer having furnished us with his name.—Editor.]

Lord Albemarle has sustained a great loss by the death of his favorite race horse Ralph, on Wednesday last, at Newmarket. It appears that in running for the Cup at Ascot, he sustained some internal injury, followed by inflammation, from which he never recovered. His performances on the whole were good; in 1840 he won the Criterion of £740, beating Thistle Whipper, Came-

leon, and several others; this was his only race as a two-year old. In 1841 he won the 2,000 Guinea Stakes of £1,300, beating Joachim, Mustapha, and five others; won the Drawing room Stakes of £685 at Goodwood, beating Cesarewitch, Mustapha, and Dely; also won the Produce Stakes of £2,400, at Goodwood, beating Eringo, Prince Caradoc, and five others; won the Garden Stakes of £400, beating Sir Hans, Flambeau, and the Thebes colt; and received £150 forfeit from Fitzroy. Was second favorite for the Derby, for which he was not placed, and was beaten in a match for 500, at even weights, by The Squire. In 1842 he divided the Port of £175 with John o' Gaunt; won a match for £200, beating Proof Print; received £100 from Johnny; won a match for £200, beating Dr. Caus; and won the Cambridgeshire Stakes of £1,055, beating Florence, Lady Adela, and fifteen others. Ran second to Bob Peel for the Suffolk Stakes, the latter receiving a year and 5 lbs.; was beaten in a match by Garry Owen, who received a year and 2 lb.; was not placed for the Cesarewitch Stakes. His only race this year was for the Ascot Cup, which he won in a canter, beating St. Francis, Robert de Gorham, and Vulcan. Net value of his winnings, including the Ascot Cup, £7 677 10s.

In Mr. PERCIVALL'S "Lectures on Horses," published in "The Veterinarian," he makes the following interesting statement:—

We learn from Lecoq that the first idea of "proportions" appears in an Italian work published in the sixteenth century; though to Bourgelat are we indebted for their establishment upon a rational basis. Following Grisonie, Bourgelat assumed as his "unity of mensuration," the head of the animal to be measured; and this he subdivided into three parts, which he called primes; each prime into three seconds; and each second into twenty four points; making, altogether, 216 subdivisions. Lecoq has reduced these subdivisions down to hundredths.

Eclipse, it will be perceived, did not accord with the scale.

We are told by Sainbel, that Eclipse measured 66 inches—16½ hands—in height; and that he stood higher by an inch behind than before; and that this great height was still exceeded by the length of his body, that being three inches more or sixty-nine inches. It is but rarely that we behold a horse of these dimensions, among the big Derby colts of the present day; and when we come to add fair proportion and power and energy to this gigantic frame, we shall not feel so much surprise at his wonderful exploits. What appears most remarkable, however, in the "proportions" of this famous horse, is the smallness or shortness of his head, it measuring, according to calculations readily deducible from Sainbel's mensuration, but twenty-two inches; a circumstance, seemingly, that gave rise to his subdivision of it into twenty-two parts, each part then being equivalent to one inch. Hence Eclipse's height being sixty-six inches, was equal to three heads' length, exceeding that of the scale or regular-proportioned horse by half a-head; and the same excess, and three inches added to it, occurs in his length: circumstances mostly, I repeat, attributable to the smallness of his head. Eclipse, therefore, was a tall horse and a long horse, a horse higher behind than before, and withal, a horse possessing a very small head.

Mr. Nightingale, the eminent tryer at many of the principal coursing meetings in the north, is engaged as judge at the Paisley, Stirling, and Ayr Races.

Exportation of a Valuable Stud.—On Thursday afternoon, at high water, the schooner Ann, Captain Walker, sailed from Hore's wharf, Hermitage, Wapping, for Dantzic. Her cargo consisted of one stallion, valued at 500 guineas; one colt, and five mares, and a quantity of agricultural implements. The aggregate value is estimated at £1,740. Among the mares are the celebrated Bessy Bedlam and Messina (the latter in foal); the others also possessing claims to some celebrity on the turf. The stud, apparently in the finest condition, are consigned to a Mr. Hebler, the accredited acting agent for the Count Z. Zonwoywsu, at Dantzic.

Hyllus, the winner of the Goodwood Cup, with his splendid silver prize, is gone to Prussia, having been sold previously to the race to a Berlin gentleman.

Mr. Cassidy has matched his b. f. *Latona*, by Plenipo, 3 yrs., 6st. 7lb., against Mr. Ling's bl. m. *Camille*, aged, 7st. 9lb., two year old course, for £100 aside, p.p., on the first Tuesday in the Second October Meeting.

John Howlett is engaged as jockey to the Earl of Eglinton, on the termination of his apprenticeship to John Day in October.

Mr. Ramsay, after a brilliantly successful career, retires from the turf at the close of the present season, when the whole of the racing and breeding stud will be sold without reserve. This secession will be an immense loss to the Scotch turf.

Scott's Lot at Pigburn.—On Wednesday week, Cotherstone, The Caster. Napier, and several others arrived at Scott's stables, Pigburn, from the South. The number now consists of upwards of thirty, that are daily taking their exercises on Pigburn Lees.

Mr. Shackel has purchased The Corsair to go to Germany, the price, we understand, £500.

Mr. W. Hobson has sold Chivalry, by Muley Moloch, out of Aristides' dam. [To whom our correspondent omits to state.]

An extraordinary number of valuable horses have been sent from this country to the Continent, in the course of the present season. Among the foreign dealers, a Mr. Gardner, from Venice, has given the highest prices, and exported the greatest number; it is with regret that we see so many of our best mares leaving the country.

A short time since Mr. Forth's three year old filly by Elis, out of sister to Marvel, broke her back in being thrown for the purpose of firing her.

Extraordinary Match.—A distinguished supporter of the Kelso Turf having just published his readiness to bet a large sum that he will, without any repose upon the road, drive a coach with four-in-hand from Edinburgh to London, we think general interest will be excited by the following account of another extraordinary match:—In 1761 a match was made between Jenison Shafto and Hugo Meynell, Esqrs., for 2000 guineas; Mr. Shafto to find a person to ride 100 miles a day on any one horse each day, for 29 successive days, to have any number of horses, not exceeding 29. The person chosen by Mr. Shafto was Mr. John Woodcock, who started at Newmarket-heath, May 4, at one o'clock in the morning, and finished his arduous task on the 1st of June, about six in the evening, having used fourteen horses only, viz.:—Mr. Shafto's b. h. once; Mr. Chadwick's ch. m. thrice; Capt. Winyard's ch. h. twice; Mr. Thistlewaite's gr. h. thrice; Mr. Wildman's bl. m. thrice; Mr. Woodman's b. m. thrice; Mr. Scott's b. m. twice; Lord Montford's b. h. twice; Mr. Surrecott's ch. h. once; Mr. Shafto's ro. h. twice; Mr. Calcroft's ch. h. once; Mr. Rudd's ch. m. once; Mr. Welch's b. h. twice; Mr. Major's b. m. thrice. Mr. Major's mare did not begin one day till ten o'clock, Mr. Woodcock having failed to bring in a horse called Quidnunk after it had done 60 miles by nine o'clock, and then tired; so that he rode 140 miles that day, finishing about 11 o'clock at night, which was the latest hour during the whole performance. This undertaking must have been more difficult for the rider than the horses. The course was from Harepark to the ditch, making three miles; thence he went a three-mile course round the flat on that side of the ditch near Newmarket. Posts and lamps were put up, as Mr. Woodcock chose to start very early in the morning, to avoid the heat of the day. Kelso Chronicle.

Pedestrianism Extraordinary.—The following may be relied upon as strictly authentic:—A gentleman connected with the London press started from the North of London on Saturday morning, at 8 o'clock, to walk to Kew-green; he arrived at the latter place at a quarter to eleven, and transacted business by which it was arranged that he should be again in Kew on the Sunday morning following by 10 o'clock. He then proceeded on foot to Windsor where he arrived at half-past five. Disappointed here in the object of his pursuit, he left Windsor without stopping to take any refreshment, and arrived at Taplow Mills, near Maidenhead, by nine o'clock. Here also the unfortunate wight was doomed to disappointment, and nothing remained for him but to retrace his steps towards London. Not a single vehicle was upon the road, and as the Windsor clocks struck one o'clock he had reached Cranford-bridge. Fearful that a tem-

porary rest would do more harm than good, he pushed forward and reached Brentford by half-past five on the Sunday morning, here he took a little rest and refreshment, and arrived at Kew-green precisely at 10 o'clock. Taplow Mills are 26 miles from Hyde Park-corner in a direct line, add 4 more for the distance from Finsbury to Hyde Park-corner, and 6 miles for the detour to Windsor, and we have 36 miles; add the return from Taplow Mills to Kew green, 21 miles, and the whole distance travelled is 57 miles. The actual time of walking being a little more than 16 hours.

CHALLENGE TO ALL ENGLAND.

Bonnet Rouge shall run any horse in England, from Cotherstone, the winner of the Derby, or Gorhambury, who could and ought to have won it, to Bartley, the bootmaker's celebrated Jerusalem Flying Donkey, both inclusive, for 100 sovs., three miles over hurdles (not frangible, but stiff,) five feet high, at Newmarket, in the Houghton Meeting, or any where else, as may be agreed on. Any person wishing to make the match, has only to call at Bartley's, and deposit the £100, when he will find £100 ready to cover it. The owner thinking that Bonnet Rouge is the best hurdle race horse in the kingdom, proposes this match to justify the price of the horse, who is for sale, at 150 guineas, and may be seen any day at Shackel's. Any one, therefore, has the option of buying him, or matching against him, as the owner has no use for him, and sells him solely for that reason.

Bell's Life, Aug. 27.

The Challenge of Bonnet Rouge Accepted—To the Editor of Bell's Life in London: Sir,—I saw in your paper of Sunday week a challenge to all England from some person unknown, to back Bonnet Rouge against any horse in England, over hurdles five feet high, at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, or anywhere else that may be agreed upon. I shall feel obliged if you will state in your paper of this week that I have a horse, named The Councillor, that I will match against him to run the distance he proposes (three miles), at his own price (100 sovs. each, half forfeit), over five feet hurdles. But, as hurdle racing is not customary at Newmarket, if the said gent will send the said horse to Newport Pagnell handicap steeple-chase, where there is as good a race course as any in England, and which takes place in the middle of November, I am ready to produce the horse and money. As no weights are named, of course he means weight for age—hurdle race weights.

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS WESLEY.

Swan Hotel, Newport Pagnell, Aug. 31, 1843.

THE FOURTEEN IN-HAND-TEAM.—A CHALLENGE.

To the Editor of Bell's Life in London: Sir.—In answer to a question asked in your paper of the 27th instant, where you state that driving fourteen horses in hand is "humbug," and merely an exhibition of trained horses following in a string, I feel myself called upon (most respectfully) to make the following reply, which I hope with your usual kindness will gain insertion in your valuable columns. To prove there is no humbug about it I now offer a public challenge to any of the crack whips of the day, or "waggoners as was," to sit on the box and drive fourteen horses in hand; and to show that the "trained animals alluded to" have nothing to do with my skill as a coachman, the party accepting this challenge shall have the advantage of driving my trained team, and I will give him the privilege of going to fourteen different parts of the globe (if he thinks proper) and selecting fourteen strange horses, with an assurance that they have been in the habit of working in harness, and free from vice, and he shall drive the trained horses—I will drive the strange ones, for the sum of £50 a side. I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

Aug. 30, 1843.

MOSES BOULGER.

Astley's Royal Amphitheatre.

Notes of the Month.

OCTOBER.

A CARD.

From the Nashville "Republican Banner" of 4th Sept.

To W. T. PORTER, Esq.—The Proprietors of the Nashville Course present their compliments to Wm. T. PORTER, of the "Spirit," and through him to Messrs. LIVINGSTON, STEVENS, and TILLOTSON, of New York, and to Mr. GIBBONS, of New Jersey, and beg leave to tender them the hospitalities of their Course at the Fall Meeting. They also tender similar hospitalities to Messrs. W. R. JOHNSON, LONG, and HARE, of Virginia. To these gentlemen, they suggest that the small provincial meetings in the Atlantic States can offer nothing to compare with the numerous stakes and entries of the Nashville Meeting. The Races commence the 5th of October, and end the 15th. Ten Colt Stakes, 122 entries; among these the "Trial," the "Alabama," and the unrivalled "Peyton." Also three Jockey Club Purses.

Leave, gentlemen, the meetings in the old States to junior members of the Turf, and yourselves attend the American St. Leger. B.

Miss Foote and Reel's Half Sister.—A friend in ill health who has been spending the season at "Manning Springs," Morgan County, Ala., writes in the highest terms of the medicinal properties of the water, and the superior character of the accommodations and enjoyments to be found there. In the course of his letter he gives the following sporting items:—

"I met with, in my route up, Mr. McLaren, who gave me a pressing invitation to visit his stable some four miles from Decatur. I hear that he has a fine string of young ones; among them is a half sister of Miss Foote, which I am informed is thought superior to my lady herself. She will meet Miss F. at Nashville.

"If I was a betting man I would go my pile upon Reel's half sister, Mr. T. Kirkman's entry in the 'Peyton Stake,' against any other named nag. She comes nearer to a racer than any thing I have seen run, and should she not take the money, she will make them see sights. Van Leer thinks her the very best nag that he has ever trained.

John Bascombe in Training!—This gallant champion of the South, now in his *thirteenth* year, is said to be again in training—and confident hopes are entertained of his ability to "fight his battles o'er again." We are told that Col. CROWELL lately gave him a trial at Columbus, Ga., in which he not only beat the time of Hammond's famous trial of Bill Austin with him, but any time ever made in public between Louisiana and New Jersey.

The Largest Bass of the Season was taken at Hell Gate a few days since, with a rod and reel. It weighed twenty-four pounds. We are not at liberty to name the fortunate angler, but he is well known as one of the owners of the finest line of packet ships afloat. "And, which is more," as Dogberry says, among other accomplishments, he plays Ten-pins "like sixty."

Can he Start?—A colt Sweepstakes, to be run for at Baltimore on the 17th Oct. next, closed in January last with nine subscribers, and was so advertised, the nominations being given at length. In a new advertisement, however, which is to be seen in our columns, another nomination appears. It is set down as 4th in order, and of course is an interpolation. The nomination referred to is that of the Priam colt out of My Lady, in the name of W. L. WHITE and R. B. CORBIN—a winner last Spring, and a colt of the highest promise. We hear that objections to his starting will be made.

Mr. TROYE, the eminent Animal Painter, writes us from Lexington, Ky., that he is about making a professional trip to Alabama. His first point will probably be Fort Mitchell, Ala. (near Columbus, Ga.), residence of Col. J. CROWELL. Troye is quite at the head of his profession in this country, and we hope will experience no lack of encouragement from the breeders and turfmen of Alabama. If this should meet his eye in season, we would suggest a visit to Nashville during the ensuing meeting, as likely to be both pleasant and profitable.

The Montreal Fox-hounds.—It is not without regret we learn that Montreal has lost its pack of fox hounds, it having been recently purchased by some gentlemen of Cobourg. The following sketch of its "rise, decline, and fall," we copy from Saturday's *Montreal Times*:—

Upwards of ten years since a number of gentlemen resident in this district, determined to encourage the national sport of fox hunting: with that view they imported hounds, and organized a club; it flourished because its supporters entered keenly into the spirit of the chase, and generously contributed to its support. Of that number we may mention the Messrs. Forsyth, to whose exertions the gentry of the neighborhood were mainly indebted for the efficient management of the pack during the earlier years of its existence—but each year witnessed a falling off in the number of members, and of those who originally enrolled themselves as such, the majority now reside in England.

The original subscribers, from accidental causes, ceased to reside in this Colony; when the sole management devolved upon that veteran sportsman, William Stockley, R. A., and ably and efficiently did he discharge the troublesome task. The kennel was the admiration of strangers, who little expected to behold in this Colony a pack in such high condition. With the genuine ardor of a fox hunter, he left nothing to chance, morning and evening he was on the spot, suggesting, recommending, and directing. He imported from the best English kennels the finest breed of dogs, and the constant success which uniformly attended his pursuit of the game attested his skill.

We cannot conceal our regret that necessity should have caused the sale of the pack, because the chase is calculated to encourage those athletic exercises which invigorate the frame and call forth spirit, courage, and determination. Many of our young Canadian friends entered with zest into the sport; it was one which promoted social intercourse, while it imparted to both body and mind a more masculine tone. Let it not be supposed that fox hunting encourages low dissipation or sensual indulgence; on the contrary, no man can be a successful fox hunter unless he be rigidly temperate; like all other manly pursuits, it requires a vigorous frame and careful abstinence.

We trust that the gentlemen of Cobourg, who now own the pack, may, for many long years, sustain the credit which the kennel acquired when known as the Montreal Fox Hounds.

T. R. S. BOYCE, of near Ellicott's Mills, Md., claims the name of *O See* for a 3 yr. old colt by Imp. Foreigner, dam by Mons. Tonson. Also that of *Wil'-See* for a 3 yr. old colt by Imp. Foreigner, dam by Lafayette. Also that of *Do See* for a 2 yr. old filly, own sister to *O See*.

A 4 yr. old colt by Imp. Margrave, dam by Timoleon, late called *United*, he also changes to *A la mode*.